

Page 94 Third Song

Frontispiece.



M. Cole del.

M. Arnoldson sculp.

Azure Summers' gaily drest,
Waving Fields with plenty blest,
All Conspire to give us Joy
Let us then the Gifts employ.

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T H E
Ladies Polite Songster;
O R,
Harmony for the Fair-Sex.

CONTAINING A
SELECT COLLECTION

Of the newest and most admired

S O N G

As they are sung

At the THEATRES, PUBLIC GARDENS, &c.



TOGETHER WITH

The SONGS as they were sung at the JUBILEE.

A L S O

A great Variety of curious Originals, particularly adapted to the Ear of the FAIR-SEX.

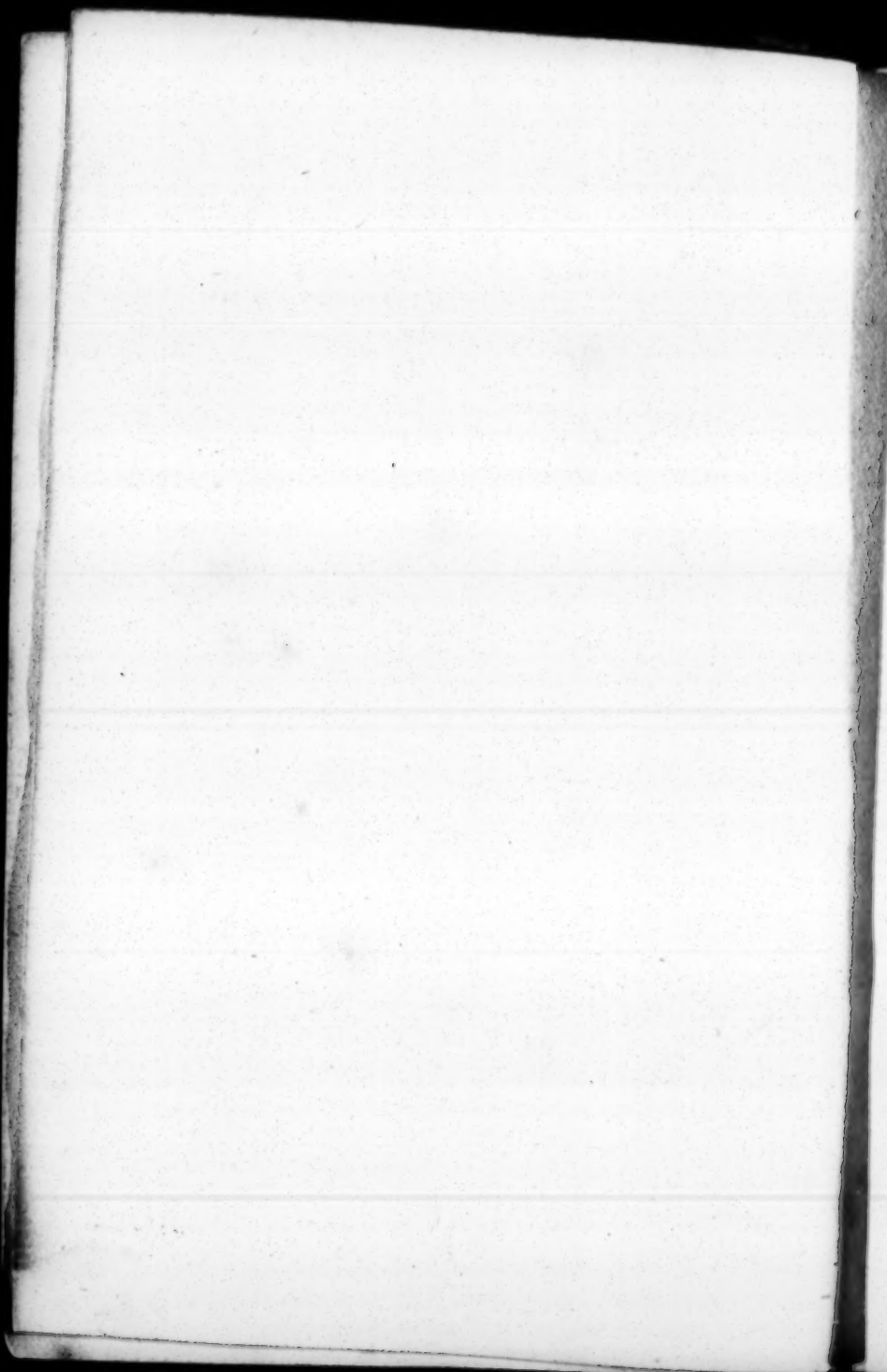
TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A choice Collection of COUNTRY DANCES
for the ensuing Year.

Likewise Plain Directions for Singing with a good
Grace : By which Persons with BAD VOICES may render
themselves AGREEABLE ; and such as have TOLERABLE
ONES will shine to the UTMOST ADVANTAGE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. SHEPHERD, at No. 147, in the Minories;
STEPHEN SMITH, No. 17, Pater - noster - Row ; and
Sold by most Booksellers in England.



DIRECTIONS for SINGING.

THOUGH the first requisite to make the accomplished singer be a fine Voice, yet I can boldly affirm, by the observation and experience of several years, that there are many incorrigible bawlers with sweet melodious pipes, and as many entertaining performers in the vocal way, who are under no great obligations to nature. This can be accounted for no otherwise than by an artificial conduct of the voice, or what is usually stiled a Manner. What Matt. Prior says of life in general, may be, with great propriety, apply'd to singing.

Beyond the fin'd and settle rules
Of voice and virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A GRACE a MANNER a DECORUM.

'Tis not merely singing in time and tune, and precisely observing the pedantic dictates of Mr. Ticklekey the musick master, but there must be an ease, an elegance, a taste; which, however natural, may, from the subsequent rules be improved.

R U L E I.

NEVER be ask'd twice to sing; for to be oversqueamish in that particular favours of low breeding and ill manners, and is impolittick too: for 'tis always dangerous to raise an expectation beyond the scale of satisfaction; which precaution, I hope, will be an infallible cure for all feignitious colds, hoarsenesses, want of practice, &c.

R U L E II.

AS poetry and music are sister arts, they certainly ought not to be enemies to each other; it is therefore absolutely necessary that ladies and gentlemen should sing distinctly and intelligibly, so that the words may be comprehended, and that the sense is not quaver'd away by the sound.

R U L E III.

AS it is the business of the composer to make the sound an echo to the sense, so it is the business of the singer also, with this addition, that his gesture, as well as his voice, be accordant to every note.

R U L E IV.

AS there is a satiety in all things, or (to use the vulgar phrase) as too much of one thing is good for nothing, it is highly requisite to know when to finish with grace; for tho' it is bad to be ask'd *twice* to sing, it is still worse to be ask'd *once* to hold your peace.

I shall conclude these instructions with a few lines from my friend Horace, which are a Satire upon the singers of his time:

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos,
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant. Lib. I. Sat. III.

Nay 'tis the same with all the coxcomb crew.
Of singing men, and singing women too;
Do they not set their cat-calls up of course?
The king himself may ask them 'till he's hoarse;
But would you spilt their wind-pipes and their lungs,
The fairest way's to bid them hold their tongues.

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O F
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A COLLECTION of
NEW SONGS.

YOUNG COLIN.

Sung by Mr. RENNOLDSON, at Marybone Gardens.

YOUNG Colin, long a tuneful swain,
Had strove his Sylvia's heart to gain,
And ev'ry method try'd,
By presents, pray'rs, and tears to move
The fair-one to reward his love,
But nought could move her pride.

With other swains she'd toy and play,
And listen all the live-long day
Beneath each fragrant shade ;
But if poor Colin ever spoke,
She'd laugh, and vow 'twas all a joke,
Nor heed one word he said.

Resolv'd one artifice to try,
If that would make the Maid comply,
Another fair he woo'd ;

C

What

What love long time had strove to gain,
 Did jealousy with ease obtain,
 And Sylvia's heart subdu'd.

D A M O N and P H I L L I S.

Sung by Mr. RENNOLDSON, at Marybone Gardens.

SEE, see yon' fair prospect, how lovely it seems,
 How bright on the river shines Sol's silver beams;
 What a concert is here with the lark and the thrush,
 With linnets that warble and sing from each bush;
 But well may they warble, and Nature look gay,
 Since Damon and Phillis were wedded to-day.

'Tis now just a month, that as crossing the plain,
 That Phillis first saw, and was seen by the swain;
 Some glances they chang'd—the youth saw her home,
 And soon, very soon, did they lovers become:
 He press'd her to marry—she bid him to stay;
 If she found him in earnest, she'd fix on a day.

She prov'd it a truth: He was faithful and kind,
 For shepherds are not like false love's inclin'd;
 Nor like a coquet, void of feeling and sense,
 Was the nymph, as she seem'd to keep him in suspense:
 The next time he ask'd her, she did not say nay,
 So Damon and Phillis were wedded to-day.

'Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone,
 Here only the sweets of Contentment are known;
 The swains are sincere, and the nymphs are all kind;
 True love only wins them—to int'rest they're blind:
 Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey,
 Uniting like Damon and Phillis to-day.

San

Sung by Mrs. ARNE at Vauxhall.

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething could please me ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the Burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eyne or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart with a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.
 Then stay, my dear Sawney nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and
 play.

THE BIRD.

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH, at Marybone Gardens.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 To nurse its callow brood :

The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms ;
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.
 Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires :
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.
 The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joy divine ;
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure more warm than mine :
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more !
 Convey my longings to my fair,
 The goddess I adore.

A favourite Song in the EPHESIAN MATRON.
 Sung at RANELAGH.

IF I was a wife,
 And my dearest dear life
 Took it into his noddle to die ;
 E'er I took the whim
 To be bury'd with him,
 I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief,
 I'd search for relief,
 Nor sink with the weight of my care ;
 A false might be found,
 No doubt above ground,
 And I think I know very well where.
 Another kind mate
 Should give me what fate
 Would not from the former allow ;
 With him I'd amuse
 The hours you abuse,
 And I think I know very well how.
 'Tis true I'm a maid,
 And so't may be said,
 No judge of the conjugal lot ;
 Yet marriage, I ween,
 Has a cure for the spleen,
 And I think I know very well what.

R O U N D E L A Y.

For the Jubilee in Honour of SHAKESPEARE.

The Stanzas mark'd thus *, were omitted in the
 singing.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain !
 Attend your parent's jocund train.
 'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
 To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
 The sons of scenic mirth decree
 To celebrate this jubilee.

- By Garrick led, the grateful band
Haste to their poet's native land,
With rites of sportive revelry,
To celebrate his jubilee.
- Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' Aerial sprite and fairy crew,
And the sister graces three,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- From Birnam Wood and Bosworth's field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
With their harmless, merry plot,
The whitning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our jubilee.
- Now in jocund strains recite
The revels of the braggard Knight,

Fat Knight ! and ancient Pistol he !
To celebrate our jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
Each shepherd true, and damsel kind,
For well with ours their sports agree,
To crown the festive jubilee.

C H L O R I S,

FIE, Florida, fie, all such nonsense despise,
Nor think you can read the men's thoughts in
their eyes ;

Their words and their looks are both meant to deceive,
For they look and they talk as they'd have you believe.

F L O R I D A.

Tho' Strephon yet never his passion express'd,
Yet oft' by suppressing a sigh in his breast,
I know that he loves, and I know him sincere,
For love, when 'tis real, approaches with fear.

C H L O R I S.

Once I foolishly thought so, and languish'd like you,
Too apt to believe, what I wish'd to be true ;
Deceiv'd o'er and o'er, all the comfort I find,
Is paying the treacherous villains in kind.

F L O R I D A.

When soon the dear youth shall his meaning explain,
How amply the joy will compensate the pain ;

DUET.

D U E T.

And may this be the maxim I ever pursue,
Ne'er to think he is false, till he cease to be true.

C H L O R I S.

And may this be the maxim I ever pursue,
Still to think they are false, till I prove they are true.

WHEN I went a courting,
Oh, there was such sporting,
The girls had no tricks for to teize you ;
If you'd ask one, ad's life,
If she'd make you a wife,
She'd curtsy and say, If it please you.
But now they're such stuff,
It is not enough
For a man to be honest and civil ;
Whoe'er would succeed
With the wenches, has need
To flatter and lie like the devil.

Tune, How happy a state does the miller possess.

HOW happy a state does the virgin possess,
Whoe innocent bosom no troubles distress,
She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,
No cares to molest her by night or by day.
Uncontroul'd by an husband, her actions are free,
Of herself and her fortune sole mistress is she ;
In freedom and pleasure she passes her life ;
If so happy a virgin, then who'd be a wife ?

No bantlings to teaze her or break her night's rest,
 With peace and contentment her moments are blest ;
 She sleeps till its time in the morning to rise,
 And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies.
 Surrounded abroad, with a crowd of smart beaus,
 Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes,
 About her they swarm, like the bees to their hives :
 If so happy when virgins, then who would be wives ?
 Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss, if she please,
 Which is bought at th'expence of her freedom and
 ease ;
 Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must stay,
 While abroad we can range to the park or the play.
 Thro' a maze of soft pleasure our actions we steer ;
 And when we come home, we've no husband to fear,
 To teaze us, and vex us, and tire our lives :
 If so happy when virgins, then who would be wives ?

THE TIMEROUS LOVER.

Sung by Miss FROUD, at Marybone-Gardens.

THough his passion in silence the youth would
 conceal,
 What his tongue will not utter his eyes still reveal ;
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of Celandon's love.
 To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair,
 Wherever I go, my blythe shepherd is there ;
 I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile,
 And surely such looks were not meant to beguile.

The

Tho' indifferent the subject, whatever it prove,
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love;
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
 Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain,
 But alas, my resolves ! I command it in vain ;
 For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,
 I forget my commands and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear
 He shou'd speak what I dread, and yet wish most to
 hear ;
 Should he mention his love, tho' my pride wou'd
 deny,
 My heart whispers Celia, fond Celia, comply.

THE INVITATION.

Sung at Marybone-Gardens.

HAIL hail, sweet-scented evening, now nature's
 odours rise,
 Declining Sol t'enliven hath journey'd thro' the skies,
 From town and streets so fulsome, ye welcome trains
 repair,
 To love and feast, 'tis wholesome, in our sweet gar-
 den air.

For human recreation sure pleasures are allow'd,
 'T' indulge with moderation, 'tis infinitely good ;
 The young, the old, all welcome, to visit us repair,
 And love and feast, 'tis wholesome, in our sweet gar-
 den air.

Here

Here grave, and gay, and beauty ; here youth and age
 compleat,
 We strive, as bound in duty, to please in our retreat ;
 Here one and all are welcome, that t' visit us repair,
 To love and feast, 'tis wholesome, in our sweet gar-
 den air.

The MORNING ADDRESS to the Ladies.
 In SHAKESPEARE'S Garland.

LET beauty with the sun arise,
 To Shakespeare tribute pay,
 With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
 Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
 What face shall dare to frown ?
 Not envy's self can blast the fame,
 Which beauty deigns to crown.

SWEET • WILLY O.

A Song. By Mr. Garrick.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to sweet Willy O.
 He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like sweet Willy O.

All

• Shakespeare.

All nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.
 He wou'd be a † soldier, this sweet Willy O,
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.
 He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

CHORUS from the CHURCH.

In SHAKESPEARE'S Garland.

THIS is the day, a holiday! a holiday!
 Drive spleen and rancour far away,
 This is the day, a holiday! a holiday!
 Drive care and sorrow far away.

* Here nature nurs'd her darling boy,
 From whom all care, and sorrow fly,
 Whose harp the muses string:
 From heart to heart let joy rebound,
 Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,
 Here Shakespeare walk'd, and sung!

† Writer of tragedy.

* Sung at the house where Shakespeare was born.

A GLEE.

A GLEE. By Dr. M——.

COME, nymphs and sawas, where'er ye be,
To this your father's jubilee,

With a tivy, tivy, tivy-tivy, ti.

Come elves, and fairies, in a row,

And if you ever sung, sing now,

With a row-dow, row tidy, dow.

Ev'n Caliban, tho' void of art,

With growling base, shall bear a part,

With a Ban, Ban, Cacaliban.

WARWICKSHIRE, a Song, by Mr. GARRICK.

In SHAKESPEARE'S Garland.

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,

See what at our jubilee passes,

Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,

For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad,

Warwickshire lad,

All be glad,

For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,

Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,

Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,

For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard,

Warwickshire bard,

Never pair'd,

For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,

Each shire has its different treasures :

D

But

But to rare Warwickshire, all must submit,
For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit,
Warwickshire wit,

How he writ !

For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in,
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will,
Warwickshire Will,
Matchless still,

For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman.
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man,
Warwickshire man,

Avon's swan,

And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man.

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag,
Warwickshire wag,

Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth, he robb'd nature ;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief.
Warwick-

Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief

The COUNTRY GIRL.
A comic Serenata. By Mr. GARRICK.
RECITATIVO.

PRITHEE tell me, cousin Sue,
Why they make so much to do,
Why all this noise and clatter ?
Why all this hurry, all this bustle,
Law how they crowd, and bawl and jussle,
I canno' guess the matter :
For whom must all this pother be ?
The emperor of Germance,
Or great mogul is coming,
Such eating, drinking, dancing, singing,
Such canon firing, bells a ringing,
Such trumpetting and drumming !

A I R.

All 'this for a poet—O no—
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago ?
How can you jeer one,
How can you steer one,
A poet, a poet, O no,
'Tis not so,
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago :
It must be some great man,
A prince, or a state-man,
It can't be a poet—O no :

Your poet is poor,
And nobody sure,
Regards a poor poet I trow :
The rich ones we prize,
Send 'em up to the skies,
But not a poor poet——O no——
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Yet now I call to mind,
Our learned Doctor boasted,
One Shikspur did of all mankind,
Reiceive from heav'n the most-head——

That he could wonders do,
And did 'em o'er and o'er,
Raife sprites, and lay 'em too,
The like ne'er seen before.

A conjurer was he !
Who with a pen in hand,
Had earth, and air, and sea,
And all things at command,

A I R.

O'er each heart he was ruler,
Made 'em warmer or cooler,
Could make 'em to laugh or to cry :
What we lock'd in our breasts,
Tho' as close as in chests,
Was not hid from the conjuror's eye :
Tho' fins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a mon.

If he saw ye he knew ye.

Would look thro' and thro' ye,

Thro' skin, and your flesh and your cloaths,

Had you vanity, pride,

Fifty follies beside,

He would see 'em, as plain as your nose :

Tho' sins I have none,

I am glad he is gone

No maid would live near such a mon.

Let us sing it, and dance it,

Rejoice it, and prance it,

That no man has now such an art;

What would come of us all,

Both the great ones and small,

Should he live to peep now in each heart :

Tho' sins I have none,

I am glad he is gone,

No maid could live near such a mon.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

TO curb the will with vain pretence,

Philosophy her force employs,

And tells us in despite of sense,

That life affords us no real joys :

Such idle whims my heart abjures ;

Envy me not, immortal Jove,

If I prefer my blis to yours

Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,

Deny us not enjoyment free,

Must I be happy only then,

When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?

D 3

Such

Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to yours,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face !
 Thy cheek's all on fire, and thy hair all un-
 curl'd !

Pr'ythee quit this caprice, and, as Old Falstaff says,
 Let's e'en talk a little like folks of this world :
 How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keep-
 ing ?

Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy—
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle, or two, that I writ,
 Your judgment, at once, and my passion, you
 wrong ;

You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit,
 Odds life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?
 The god of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
 How, after his journey, he sets up his rest ;
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when, wearied with wand'ring all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the ev'ning I come ;
 No matter what beauties I met in my way ;
 They were but my visits, but you are my home.
 Then finish, dear Chloe ! this pastoral war,
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree ;

For

For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

MAY EVE; or, KATE of ABERDEEN.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light :
To courts be gone ! heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigils keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Thy nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May :
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love :
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green :
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance, young shepherds lead,
 Or sing the love-tun'd lay,
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

BY the side of the stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phœbe who lives at the mill.
 My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight:
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride;
 In anger she said, get you out of my sight,
 And go to your Phillis you met her last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean;
 I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at.
 O can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say did you not meet her last night on this spot?
 O Collin, O Collin, you can't have forgot:
 I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
 You still may deny it; I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe:
 For Mat is a rover, and means to decieve:
 You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat;
 And sure my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to be kind,
 I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind ;
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat ;
 I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

WHERE the jessamin sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 And the roses refresh'd by the show'rs,
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;
 In a cottage retired there lives
 Young Colin and Phœbe the fair :
 The blessing each other receives
 In mutual enjoyment they share ;
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe and Colin her swain.

The sweet of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride,
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 Whilst blest with this beautiful bride :
 He wishes no greater delight,
 Than to tend on her lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay ;
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the dale.

If delighted the lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss ;
 She despises the artful deceit
 That's promis'd in city or court,

And

And thinks happiness no where compleat,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort.
 And the lads tell the lasses they'll die in despair,
 Unless they are as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths who're accuslom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey ;
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;
 The charms of the mind, when posselt,
 Will dignify those of the face ;
 And ye lads, and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

The REJECTED LOVER.

Resolv'd to love, I Polly woo'd,
 The nymph I did adore ;
 I sigh'd and pin'd, —as lovers do,
 What cou'd a youth do more ?
 No nymph was e'er so fair—I thought
 Her eyes like sparkling ore :
 I us'd all arts as lovers use,
 And no one could do more,
 But she for love disdain return'd
 Tho' kneeling I'd implore
 Yet she was deaf to ev'ry sigh,
 And I cou'd do no more,
 O say ye youths ! was this not hard ?
 That I'd no pitying pow'r,

That

That I! in vain so oft should plead,
So oft, in vain adore?

At length, quite weary'd with despair,
Seeing she'd not comply;

I, by degrees, resum'd the man,
And Polly did defy.

For sighs and tears I found were vain
No pity cou'd implore;

I try'd each soothing tale and song
What cou'd a youth do more.

Of Polly now no more, my muse,
My heart's once only store;

I did all that a man could do,
And no one could do more.

Farewel! ungrateful girl, farewel,
That ever liv'd since Adam,

I've nothing more than this to say,
Your humble servant, madam.

SAVE woman and wine there is nothing in life
That can bribe honest souls to endure it:
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with
care.

Dear woman and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
And wisely to purpose employ them;

He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my dear
Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires;

Our

Our girls young and sound, shall kiss with a smack,
And gratify all our desires.

Sung by Mrs. BADDELY, at Vauxhall.

MY Jockey was the blithest lad,
That ever maiden woo'd;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love, whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow;
Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
And flies to me alone;
At every fair, and all the wakes,
I hear them making moan:
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
And ribbons for my hair;
No swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by,
For I alone am all his care,
When any danger's nigh.
He vows to wed, next Whitsunday,
And make me blest for life;
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

BEHOLD

The MULBERRY TREE.

Sung at the JUBILEE.

BEhold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh, my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine;
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine,
What comes from thy hand, &c.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,

All shall yield to the mulberry tree.

Bend to thee, blest mulberry,

Bend to thee, blest mulberry.

Matchless was he who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be,

And thou like him, &c.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear,

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

Philosophical Clara had fix'd in her breast
This maxim, That ev'ry thing was for the best
E

In sunshine, or rain, at the park or the play,
 She still was good-humour'd, was happy and gay.
 The sorrows of others her mind ne'er impress,
 Her replies were to all, Why 'tis all for the best.

Kind Nature had blest her with all the soft charms
 That give to Love's subjects such painful alarms;
 Her manner was easy, engaging her air,
 Her voice was delightful, her person was rare:
 Yet their sighs and their praises she turn'd to a jest,
 And answer'd them all, Why 'tis all for the best.

The love-breathing sonnets that to her were made,
 Were genteel and pretty and witty, she said;
 But whether the praises were just and sincere
 She did not e'en wish, nor she did not e'en care;
 For wishing and hoping was all a mere jest,
 And whatever happen'd was all for the best.

But Cupid, determin'd to conquer her pride,
 And throw her philosophy quite on one side,
 Sent an arrow well guided, which pierc'd thro' her
 heart,

She loves, and she sighs, and complains of the smart:
 Her companions, alas, turn it all to a jest,
 And cry, Clara, you know, it is all for the best.

FLORELLA went from me 'cause Delia was by,
 Her suspicions were groundless, she saw in my
 But Jealousy is such a villainous elf, [eye;
 It will often find means for to torment itself.
 Soon Florella return'd, and her anger was o'er,
 And all her suspicions are thought on no more.

I told

I told her I lov'd her, I told what was true,
 And my passion till death should her beauty pursue :
 She smil'd like an angel to hear me complain,
 And bid me still hope a relief for my pain ;
 Your truth I admire, your passion deplore,
 It will be a great while e're I say any more.

Yet I saw, by her eyes, she could hardly say No,
 And begg'd her permission—permission to go :
 She started to think I could leave her—and cry'd,
 'Tis strange you would leave her for whom you'd
 have died ;

Young maids must be woo'd—but the conflict is o'er,
 My blushes speak for me, I need say no more.

Ye vot'ries of Venus, the precept attend,
 You'll find what I say is all true in the end.
 When the fair-ones seem coy, and angry say No,
 Dont mind them ; be fearless ; attempt for to go.
 'Tis better by far than to sigh and deplore,
 You'll find the scale turn'd—but I need say no more.

The CONSTANT LOVER.

YE guardian gods that round the fair
 On downy pillows hover,
 Oh, whisper soft in Sylvia's ear
 How tenderly I love her :
 In vain I try to hide my art,
 That which I most discover ;
 Mine eyes, alas, betray my heart,
 And tell the nymph I love her.

E 2

Her

Her bosom, white as mountain snow,
 Her breath more sweet than clover,
 Her cheeks, where blushing roses glow,
 Conspire to make me love her.
 Her softness, innocence, and ease,
 Her wit and mein do prove her
 Completely form'd by Heav'n to please,
 Then how should I not love her.

But oh, forbear ! your frowns do kill,
 Your smiles can yet recover,
 And since my fate attends your will,
 Oh spare your suppliant lover.
 But all my vows are lost in air,
 Nor can my numbers move her ;
 Must Collin lose a nymph so fair,
 And she so true a lover.

SEE Mira, see the lilly fair,
 The blushing rose just newly blown ;
 Then view your lovely face, and there
 You'll find those beauties all your own.

But ah ! how soon their colours fade,
 And all their fragrant sweets decay !
 So will your charms, my beauteous maid,
 And blooming youth soon haste away.

With virtue then adorn thy mind ;
 That beauty, time can ne'er deface ;
 In that, unfading charms you'll find,
 When robb'd of ev'ry other grace.

Let fordid av'rice claim no part
 Within this tender gen'rous heart ;
 Oh ! be that heart from falshood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.

AS Felia was fat in an arbour retir'd,
 To pass some dull moments away,
 Young Strephon, who long had the fair-one admir'd,
 By accident came in the way.
 The arrows of Cupid she long had defy'd,
 Of love she knew nought of the matter,
 So hard was her heart, and so great was her pride,
 Poor Strephon could seldom come at her.

But fortune now kindly had granted his boon,
 The fair-one was full in his view,
 And what was still better than all, was alone,
 Ah, what could a young lover do !
 He gaz'd and he sigh'd, and cautious drew near,
 Tho' he ardently wish'd to be at her ;
 At length he broke silence, and thus to the fair
 Declar'd what he could of the matter.

He told her her eyes were most languishing sweet,
 Then prais'd her white neck and her arms ;
 Of beauties she only was justly complete,
 That Venus had not greater charms.
 She seem'd to attend to his love-flowing stile,
 Yet said that each man still would flatter :
 Howe'er, reply'd she with a hope-cheering smile,
 I'll consider again of the matter.

The youth still proceeded—and soon the fair maid
 Felt a passion as strong as his own ;
 Love hover'd unseen that day in the shade,
 The passion of Strephon to crown ;
 To the temple they went, and by Hymen were ty'd;
 The village was all of a clatter :
 Young Strephon's a bridegroom and Delia a bride,
 And so there's an end of the matter.

THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN at Ranelagh.

THERE was a fair maiden her name it was
 Cillian,
 Her manners were sage, though her carriage was free,
 You scarcely would meet such a girl in a million,
 Her charms were the pride of the North Country ;
 All she said came so wittily,
 She danc'd with such grace and she chaunted so
 prettily,
 Nor Madames of France, nor Signoras of Italy,
 Could cope with this lass of the North Country.
 Rich lords and fine gentlemen crowded to woo her,
 Each begging her most humble servant to be ;
 Some shew'd coach and horses, some proffer'd gold to
 her,
 Some cloaths and fine jewels most gorgeous too see ;
 But in vain all their bravery,
 She said flat and plain she saw through their
 knavery,

And

And rather would pass her whole life-time in
 slavery,
 Than bring such disgrace on the North Country.
 But going one day to the wood with young Roger,
 To gather sweet posies for he and for she,
 Sly Cupid observ'd them, a comical codger,
 And hid himself snug in a sycamore tree;
 Out he drew from his quiver,
 A shaft that a heart made of marble would shiver,
 He shot, there was none the poor maid to deliver,
 And down fell the lass of the North Country.

Phoebus, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of mirth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion;
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British fair.

The

The DETERMINATION.

WHEN I was a young man I long'd
 To know what the world was a doing,
 To London with others I throng'd,
 Nor knew well what I was pursuing.
 But good lack-a-day, what a din !
 I through the croud scarcely could baffle ;
 In every place I was in,
 To pass the folks I had a tuffle.

But what I did mostly admire,
 Was the busy air of each creature ;
 Which seem'd so their thoughts to inspire,
 Dull care was impress'd in each feature.
 In highest and lowest degree,
 Odzookers, in every station
 They all politicians would be,
 And govern and settle the nation.

I found it a folly to roam,
 Such hurry and bustle was teasing :
 The joys I had tasted at home,
 A thousand times sure were more pleasing.
 So back to our hamlet I came,
 And ent'red in Hymen's soft fetters,
 With Dolly, my fond loving dame,
 And left care and strife to my betters.

AS through the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way ;

I flew

I flew like light'ning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms :
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss ;
 She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown :
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above ;
 But she, like all her sex, was shy,
 And, though I swore, would not comply :
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride ?
 For hark ! I hear the tinkling bell ;
 To church let's go—it pleas'd her well—
 And soon a kind compliance came ;
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
 The joys we taste to few are known ;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each, we truly love :
 She now declares I'm not to blame,
 Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

THYRSIS

THYRSIS and LAURA.

Set by Mr. LOVE of Norwich.

THYRSIS.

SEE nature cast her sweets around,
 Daiesies and vi'lets deck the ground :
 And warbling birds do sweetly sing,
 And tune their notes to hail the spring.
 And tune their notes, &c.
 Then haste my fair one haste away,
 Let us like them enjoy the May,
 Let us like them, &c.

LAURA.

Thy pleasing form and artful tale
 Which can with any maid prevail,
 Will only to my ruin prove,
 If Hymen does not crown our love.
 Without him, swain, I'll ne'er obey,
 Though Love and you say, taste the May.

THYRSIS.

Behold, my fair, yon turtle dove,
 With what delight, she meets her love ;
 No bands their mutual fondness cloy,
 Without that clog, they life enjoy,
 They never yield to Hymen's sway,
 But love and frolick in the May.

LAURA.

You, Thyrsis ne'er shall me deceive ;
 Thy flatt'ring oaths I'll ne'er believe :

But if th
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LAURA
 THYR
 BOTH.

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But

But if the marriage bands you'll wear,
I'll then be yours, but else forbear.
I'll then consent without delay,
And with my shepherd hail the May.

T H Y R S I S.

To lose my freedom, or the fair,
Is now the fate that I must share ;
But rather than I'll Laura lose,
With pleasure Hymen's bands I'll chuse :
Then let's to church without delay,
And then with transports hail the May.

D U E T T O.

LAURA. Ye fair, ne'er trust the swain you love.
THYRSIS. Ye shepherds from the fair ne'er rove,
BOTH. But if you'd lasting pleasures claim,
Let Hymen crown the mutual flame ;
Then without fear you'll sport and play,
And then with transport hail the May.

D I N G D O N G B E L L.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN, at Ranelagh.

MY Fanny was as fair a maid
As any in the town,
And I a stout and lively lad
As e'er mow'd clover down :
When she agreed to tie knot
I thought of nothing else,
I thought, &c.
The knot was ty'd,
Fanny was my bride ;

Nor

Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
 When ding dong went the bells,
 When ding dong went the bells.
 Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
 When ding dong went the bells.

Our sugar kisses, honey words,
 We never thought too much,
 I dare be sworn no knights or lords,
 E'er gave their ladies such;
 To plow went I, to spin went she,
 And all the parish tells
 How Ralph and Fan
 Their loves began,

With joys that none can greater be,
 When ding dong went the bells.

Rare times were these—but ah ! how soon,
 Do wedlock's comforts fall,

The days that were the honey-moon,
 Are wormwood now and gall.

Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out from flaming cells.

You now may see
 In Fan and me,

We fight, we scold, and both repent,
 That ding dong went the bells.

THE LIBERTINE.

Sung at Marybone.

WHEN first, by pow'rful Love subdu'd,
 The jilt Amanda I pursu'd,
 And told my silly tale ;

Like other swains by Venus led,
 I sigh'd, and hung my simple head,
 Still hoping to prevail.

My hapless flocks were left a prey,
 While I through groves and meadows stray,
 As stupid as a log ;
 Or pleas'd to run whene'er she bid,
 To fetch some straggling lamb or kid,
 As humble as her dog.

When dusky eve drew on ; behold,
 'Twas mine her bleating flocks to fold,
 And, ah, disastrous tale !
 What will not stupid lovers do ?
 To milk each night the wincing cow,
 And then bring home the pail.

At last I rous'd and view'd each swain,
 Who like myself made up her train,
 And snivell'd, sigh'd, and swore ;
 Enrag'd I curs'd each clownish elf,
 And vow'd I then would free myself,
 And be a slave no more.

Now free from care as free from love,
 From fair to fair the plain I rove,
 To pleasures ever new ;
 Be thus, and they'll resign their charms
 An easy conquest to your arms ;
 But fly if you pursue.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits, all satirize the
fair,
In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime, their foibles
they declare ;

The kind are bold, the chaste are cold ; these prudish,
those too free ;

Ye curious men, come tell us then, what must a wo-
man be ?

But hard's the task, and vain to ask, where optics are
untrue ;

The muse shall hear th'indicted clear, and prove the
crime on you :

The rake is cloy'd when she's enjoy'd, on whom his
wish was plac'd ;

The fool deny'd affects the pride, and rails (to be in
taste.)

But not like those the men of bliss their sure crite-
rion fix ;

Now Wisdom cries, my son arise, and vindicate the
sex ;

'Tis theirs to prove the sweets of love, which others
never share,

An evidence that none have sense, but who adore the
fair.

Ye lovely race, with every grace celestially impress'd,
'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell within the
human breast :

As beauty's voice our souls rejoice, and rapture wakes
to mirth ;

For Jove design'd, th'enchanting kind to form an
heav'n on earth.

With ev'ry art, to win the heart ye dear inspirers try,
Each native charm with fashion arm, and let love's
light'ning fly ;

And hence, ye grave, your counsel save, which youth
but sets at nought,

For women still will have their will ; and so I think
they ought.

A MASQUE

In the first Act of TIMON of ATHENS,
As it was last Season performed at the Theatre-Royal
in Richmond.

BACCHANALIANS and Attendants on CUPID.

RECITATIVE accompanied. (Miss Radley.)

HARK, how the songsters of the grove
Sing anthems to the god of love !
Hark, how each am'rous winged pair
With Love's great praises fill the air.

CHORUS.

On ev'ry side the charming sound,
Does from the hollow woods rebound !

A I R. (Miss Radley.)

Their little souls great love inspires
With chearful notes and soft desires ;

While heat makes buds and blossoms spring,
 These pretty couples love and sing.
 In this soft circle all things move,
 And man submits to mighty Love.

RECITATIVE accompanied. (Mr. Dibdin.)

Pursue such idle freaks no more,
 The pow'r of Bacchus we adore!
 Love makes you languish, sigh and pine,
 But happiness attends on wine.

A I R. (Mr. Dibdin.)

Drink, and feel the sov'reign juice,
 Mirth and jocund life impart;
 Wine can truest bliss produce,
 Bacchus ever charms the heart.

Drink and in the balmy bowl
 Drown the sorrows of the soul.

CHORUS of Bacchanalians.

Thus care shall be banish'd, thus laughter shall reign,
 For Bacchus gives pleasure, while Cupid gives pain.

CHORUS of Attendants on Cupid.

Thus wine shall be banish'd, thus beauty shall reign,
 For Cupid gives pleasure, while Bacchus gives pain.

RECITATIVE. Bacchanalian.

Let mighty pow'rs no more dispute their sway,
 But join and bid the willing world obey;
 When both their conqu'ring forces are combin'd,
 In adamantine chains they hold mankind.

DUETTO

DUETTO. (Mr. Dibdin and Miss Radley.)

Let laughter and wine—
 Let friendship and love—
 Hence ever combine—
 In harmony move !
 Our voices we'll raise—
 Let music too join
 To echo the praise
 Of Love and of Wine.—

CHORUS.

Kind Love shall with rapture our Wine thus improve,
 And Wine shall exalt and give vigour to Love.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER in the Padlock,

T Houghts to council—let me see—

Hum—to be, or not to be,

A husband, is the question.

A cuckold must that follow ?

Say what men will,

Wedlock's a pill,

Bitter to swallow,

And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double.

Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble

My peace, should I venture to try you ?

My doors shall be lock'd,

My windows be block'd ;

No male in my house,

Not so much as a mouse ;

Then horns, horns, I defy you.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn;
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn,
 The yellow harvest, safe from spoil;
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Cœlia who can speak my bliss,
 Who the transport I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?

Ev'ry look with love inspires me,
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;
 Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,
 Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish!
 Feel my heart with rapture beat;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transports are so great.

Look not so divinely on me,
 Cœlia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet, turn those eyes upon me—
 Who wou'd not die a death like this?

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that, in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?

O, friend—

O, friendship thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd, and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend ?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase ;
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace :
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere !
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.
 Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live,
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

O ! come to my impatient arms :
 O ! come with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

MY cautious mother t'other day,
 Cry'd, Polly mind me, do ;
 I saw young Damon come this way,
 And fear he came to you ;

You

You know he's gay, and thought a rake,
So never welcome make him.

Thus I get scolded for his sake—

I wish the deuce would take him.

'Tis true I met him in the grove,

He gently grasp'd my hand,

Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love
Than I cou'd understand.

And who'd have thought that we were seen—

But of such tricks I'll break him,

If he won't tell me what they mean,

The deuce sure ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow,

With warmth I never knew ;

If this be love that haunts me so,

What can a virgin do ?

Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,

'Gainst every swain I'll stake him ;

But if he tantalizes long,

I hope the deuce will take him.

They say from wedlock springs delight—

Then let him speak his mind ;

I've no objection to unite,

With one so fond and kind.

My mother, though too apt to pry,

~~To disoblige I'm loth—~~

Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry

Will be deuce take 'em both.

Sung at VAUXHALL Gardens.

Gentlest breezes waft him over,
 To the distant sultry isle;
 Love will shield from harm the rover,
 Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.
 For an age you must not leave me,
 Nor to farthest climates roam;
 Don't too soon of joy bereave me,
 Hope must bring the wand'rer home.
 Think of her you left behind ye,
 And to tender vows be true;
 Constant, fond, you still shall find me.
 Peace, poor heart, dear youth adieu.

A HINT to the FAIR-SEX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

LAST Mayday I rambled the meadows along,
 To hear the sweet linnet's and goldfinch's song,
 When just by the close shaded jessamine grove
 I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love.
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile,
 So I ask'd the dear nymph if she'd tarry a while.
 Oh, no, she reply'd, therefore leave me I pray,
 For here 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Dear Phillis, I cry'd, don't refuse my request,
 Of all nymphs in the village 'tis you I love best;
 Then why be afraid with your shepherd to go
 To the jessamine grove; still she answer'd, No, no,
 You

You men are deceivers, and love to ensnare,
And my mother oft told me of men to beware;
No longer persuade me, pursue your own way,
For here 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Lord bless me, I cry'd, you're of late grown a prude;
Do you think, my dear girl, I'd attempt to be rude?
'Tis the season for love, to the grove let's along,
Where I'll tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song.
Prithce Damon, she cry'd, don't attempt to persuade,
Or by cunning beguile a poor innocent maid.
'The grove may have charms, now the season is gay,
But there 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
Have nothing to fear, for I'll make you my bride;
For long I've beheld you the girl to my mind,
So to church let us go—then may Phillis be kind.
My tale, O ye fair, is a lesson for you:
'Tis marriage alone that will prove the swain true;
If before, to the grove you're too easily won,
The swain may be false, and the maiden undone.

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

Lovely maid, fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my bliss deny;
Cease my tender love to chide.
Why so cruel, Daphne, why?

Kindly to my wish incline,
Why will Daphne faithless prove?

Know

Know my soul is wholly thine,
 And my heart is form'd for love.
 Why thus slight a faithful swain,
 Who to love was ever true ?
 Why thus give that bosom pain,
 Which so long hath sigh'd for you ?

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still,
 Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill :
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts ;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.
 Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe ;
 Milk-white were her teeth, full smart was her gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe :
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true-blue could be spy'd,
 A child wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.
 Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hug'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest :
 But who do you think she had got for her prize ?
 Why Love, the sly master of arts ;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropt his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth

Quoth he, I am love ; but oh, be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,
 So good and so kind have you been, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill :
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still ;
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
 In what secret grove or cave ?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave :
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs and still she burns ;
 Cupid shoots like Hymen's arrow,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.
 Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 If discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot ;
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer ;
 Now some subtle, mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.
 O discretion, thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mammas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake ;
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the ban ;

Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

PALÆMON lov'd Pastora,
Pastora sigh'd for Damon;
But Damon lov'd Aurora,
Aurora young Palæmon.

Palæmon gave Pastora a wreath and shepherd's crook;
And Damon gave Aurora a knot and reaping-hook;
Pastora gave to Damon a cap with chaplets crown'd,
Aurora gave Palæmon a pipe with hazel bound.

The cap with chaplets crown'd young Damon gave
Aurora,

The pipe with hazel bound Palæmon gave Pastora;
The wreath and shepherd's crook Pastora gave to
Damon,

The knot and reaping hook Aurora gave Palæmon.
So crossly turn'd their presents went,

Their loves so odly varied,
That every token which was sent
Its true design miscarried.

Sung by Mrs. ARNE in the Padlock.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep,
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,

G

My

My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold :
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

The DOUBTFUL LOVER.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL at Vauxhall.

LOVE asserts his powerful reign,
 Like a tyrant owns his sway ;
 Love tho' sweet oft gives us pain ;
 Sometimes sad and sometimes gay,
 Since the age of sweet sixteen,
 When the men do most adore,
 I to love a slave have been,
 Kifs'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny swain,
 And has stole my heart away.
 Still I feel an anxious pain,
 If he's absent but a day.
 But whene'er the blooming boy
 Comes at night upon the green,
 Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
 Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
 Doubts and fears disturb my breast ;
 Shou'd he e'er inconstant prove,
 This poor heart will ne'er have rest.
 He of late is fonder grown,
 And has sworn to love for life.

If he'll take me for his own,
I must be young Jockey's wife.

The PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.
Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

AS I went to the wake that was held on the green,
I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen,
A form so divine might an anchorite move,
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love;
So I ask'd for a kifs, but she blushing reply'd,
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
I vow I will kifs you,—here's nobody by.
No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same,
For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame;
So I pray let me go, I shall surely be mis'd,
Besides I'm resolv'd, that I will not be kifs'd.

Lord bless me, I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse,
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse:
The month it is May, and the season for love,
So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife,
You then shall be welcome to kifs me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
But after, dear Phœbe must never say no.
Do you prove but true (she reply'd) you shall find,
I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd, and kind.
So I kifs when I please, for she ne'er says she won't;
And I kifs her so much that I wonder she don't.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN in the Padlock.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life am I led!
 A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed:
 Night and day 'tis de same,
 My pain is dere game:
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead,
 Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo everywhere;
 Above and below,
 Sirrah come, sirrah go,
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh! oh!
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

COLIN's Morning Address to SYLVIA.

By Mr. ADAM SMITH.

BEHOLD, my love, the rosy morn,
 With russet mantle spread;
 Again the infant tendrils shoot
 On ev'ry lawn and mead.
 In ev'ry shrub wise Nature view,
 Her various laws display'd;
 Daisies, cowslips, violets too,
 In different suits array'd.
 What hoary winter once had crop'd,
 And chill'd with nipping cold,

Sol's

Sol's influence now revives again
With rays of burnish'd gold.

The early lark, that hails the morn,
See lofty tow'ring flies ;

Hark how he tunes his throat to love,
And rends the vaulted skies.

The shepherd with his fleecy care,
With wanton kiddlings play,
Then stroaks his dog, — Poor fellow cries,
And pats the head of Tray.

Poor Tray is pleas'd, and wags his tail,
He knows no other pride,
Than watch his master while he sleeps,
Or taddle by his side.

Let us embrace those sylvan scenes,
And imitate their bliss ;
To prove my vows and love sincere,
I'll seal them with a kiss.
Then blest'd with Sylvia shall I prove,
Each wish, each ardent sigh,
And spring will twenty times appear
More sweet, if she comply.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN in the Padlock.

LET me when my heart a finking,
Hear de sweet guittar a clinking ;
When a string speak,
Such moosic he make,
Me soon am cur'd of linking.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,
 Of a merry flute,
 And cymbalo,
 And tymbalo
 To boot,
 We dance and we sing
 Till we make a house ring,
 And ty'd in his garters, old massa may swing.

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
 And sighs and talks so much of love,
 He'll hang or drown I fear it :
 Of pangs and wounds and pointed darts,
 Of Cupid's bow and bleeding hearts,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well,
 And witty too—that's better still,
 And sensible I swear it :
 But words we know are nought but wind,
 Unless he'll freely tell his mind
 I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
 And sweetly on his pipe can play,
 I own I like to hear it :
 But downcast looks, and hums and haws
 So badly plead a lover's cause,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
 Wou'd bid the bashful boy speak plain,
 I'd wed him, I declare it ;

Then

Then pluck up courage like my sex,
The honest youth no more I'd vex,
But wed him, I declare it.

Sung by Mr. VERNON in the Padlock.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist depriv'd of you.

DESCRIPTION of a M A N of W A R in Battle.

WEIGH anchors, my lads, see, the enemy's near.
Down with the bulkheads and cabins, see
your gun-room you clear.

Up hammocks, down chests; see all things in the
hold;

And between decks are right, so courageous and bold.

Fore and aft, my lads, see you have freedom to fight;

Never fear, my bold boys, but we shall soon be right.

Haste away with all speed, hoist out your English flag,

Who wins a golden chain, boys, ne'er fears a wooden
leg.

Hard to port, bid the gunner prepare, and make
ready;

You old dull blockhead at helm, fetch us a cogue, stea-
dy, zounds steady.

Mind

Mind you the helm, for she gains a pace,
She crouds no more fail, since she sees us in chase.

She backs all her sails, to shew she does not fear us,
But we will soon her courage try, since we have
brought her near us.

Come, her colours are out, she's a French man of
war,

We're within gun-shot, have at her Begar.

Come, gunner, give her a gun, and try how she likes
us ;

She's too hardy to run, and too sturdy to strike to us ;

Come, jolly hearts, play your parts, every man to his
station,

When you're upon her, remember the honour of the
British nation.

Huzza ! my brave boys, do they think to out brave us ?
It's our own country's cause, if we die, that will
save us :

Come, my lads, fire on her, bear close down upon her,
pour a broad side into her ;

Since she is bent to defy us, to fight us, and try us,
a taste of our courage we'll shew her.

Bring all your starboard guns to bear ; come my lads,
fire away your middle tire, most bravely done,
my boys :

Who could fear that would hear this thundering
noise,

She fires thick, come now, my lads, be quick, return
her kindness freely ;

For quick and short makes better sport, than standing
shilly-shally.

Come

Come about ship, as quick as thought, loose your lee,
run out your lines, set them free :

Hoist your main yard ; zounds, you dull blockhead,
helm's at lee :

Come, jolly hearts, speak when you're ready,
Shew yourselves true British lads, faint heart never
won a fair lady,

Most bravely done, my boys, we have maul'd, her by
their hurry,

A brighter deed sure ne'er was done, my British boys,
before ye.

Most bravely done, my boys, we have blown her sides
in shatters,

She crowds more sail, and fain wou'd run, but she's too
lame and shatter'd.

Huzza ! she's sinking ; Huzza ! she's sinking,

See, how they squeak, and are thinking

To avoid pale death, they leap into their grave :

Such cowardly French dogs that are afraid to die,
shall ne'er be conquerors over the brave.

Now the danger is over, let us make to the shore ;

But first fill the bowl, that every brave soul may drink
a large portion :

Whilst he that is slain, and swims in the deep main,
Shall pledge us, shall pledge us, in the brine of the
ocean.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSELL at Vauxhall.

YE verdant woods, ye chrystal streams,

On whose enamell'd side

I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams,

While Jockey was my guide.

No

No more your shades or murmurs please
 Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind ;
 No rural scenes can give me ease,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come gloomy eve and veil the sky
 With clouds of darkest hue ;
 Wither, ye plants ; ye flow'rets die,
 Uncheat'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
 Your songs can sooth my mind ;
 My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary grove,
 For fighting sorrow made,
 Where nought but plaintive strains of love
 Resound through every shade.

Where the sad turtle's melting grief,
 With Philomela's join'd,
 Alone shall yield my heart relief,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
 And shun the soft deceit.
 Tho' Love's own eloquence persuades,
 'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

Fly, quickly fly the faithless swain,
 His baffled arts despise ;
 So shall you live exempt from pain,
 While hapless Sylvia dies.

An ADDRESS to the BRITISH LADIES.

By Mr. ADAM SMITH.

TO you fair train of Britain's Isle,
 To you my lyre I string;
 Each charm's resplendent lovely smile,
 My muse intends to sing.
 Such charms as elevate the soul!
 Whence secret raptures spring;
 Your wit and sense inspire the whole,
 And reigns a god within.

Ye gods! of what angelic hue
 Do you, ye fair, appear,
 Fann'd Titian's pencil never drew
 Such charms as those ye wear.
 Fair loveliest tints ambitious glow,
 And emulate your charms!
 Maratt's soft touch could never shew
 Such lovely beauteous forms,

My verse in grateful tribute flows,
 All rapturous does declare!
 My muse her richest wreaths bestows
 To praise the British fair:
 May Britain e'er with peace be crown'd,
 With days of bliss the fair!
 And Liberty and Love abound,
 Be every Briton's prayer.

Sung

Sung by Miss DAVIS at Marybone.

MY daddy is a cross old man,
 He'll ne'er part wi' his gear;
 My mother she's a scolding wife,
 Has all the house in fear:
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me,
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she chides at me;
 But well I know it's all envy,
 For ne'er a Jo has she.
 But let her, &c.

My cousin Jane was fair beguil'd
 By Johnny in the glen,
 And e'er since that she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let her, &c.

Sly Sandy he came late one night,
 And ask'd when I saw Pate;
 And e'er since that the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
 But let them, &c.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR at Marybone.

PLEASURE, goddess all divine,
 Come, O come, my soul is thine;

Come, O come with graceful air !
Come and drive away dull Care.

Care that suits with sordid minds,
Such as fear, or av'rice binds ;
Selfish, fullen, human brutes,
Those alone, dull Care best suits.

Bring with thee sweet dimpl'd Love ;
Cupid will with Pleasure rove ;
Bacchus, too, must join the train ;
Bacchus prompts the jocund strain ;

Merry Momus, too appear ;
Momus, is a foe to Care :
Let me, let me join the choir ;
Pleasure is my soul's desire.

I'll with Bacchus, to's the glass ;
And with Cupid toast my lass ;
Or with waggish Momus laugh :
Thus I'll love, and thus I'll quaff.

Hence with all your sober rules,
Wretched pedants, prating fools ;
Musty morals, I despise,
Love and mirth can make us wise.

OLD WHITELEY'S FAIR BESS.

Sung by Mr. ADAM SMITH, at Richmond.

KIND nature, assist me, for art I have none,
Nor know I the fair ones of Ida's high throne,
Yet modestly aiming my nymph to address,
I'll tell you what charms me in Sweet little Bess.

H

She's

She's pretty, indeed, ever modest and neat,
 Her features exact, and her shape is complete;
 With one hidden treasure that better can bless,
 And that's the pure mind of my Dear little Bess.

Her personal beauties may fade in a year,
 But mental perfections attractive appear,
 Without the assistance of di'monds or dress,
 And fix the fast empire of Sweet Norfolk Bess.
 Tho' station'd in life on this perilous stage,
 The prop of her parents and pride of the age,
 The soul's well exalted, she looks nothing less,
 They still must admire my Sweet pretty Bess.

In raptures all view her, the old and the young,
 And doat on the sound which flows from her tongue
 All, all, for her company eagerly press,
 So attracting's the mind of my Dear little Bess.
 Ye proud, perf and dull, who on riches rely,
 'Tis happiness only can lure the chaste eye;
 O! cou'd you but view her, if right I can guess,
 With me you'd be charm'd with Old Whiteley's Bess.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Marybone

AS Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade,
 Young Jockey was happy, and happy the
 maid;

She blush'd, and she cry'd, Dear Jockey, with thee,
 My life, tho' in bondage, wou'd seem to be free.

Jockey to Jenny, his passion to prove,
 Her hand gently press'd his eyes darting love,

Cry'd

Cry'd out in a transport, Was ever a pair,
So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair !

Content with each other in humble retreat,
They court not new beauties, nor envy the great ;
He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her
 swain,

For pleasure that's false, or for riches to gain.

He breathes the pipe, her sweet voice tunes the song :
Or they, hand in hand, walk the green vallies
 along ;

Content with true pleasure, their footsteps attends,
For Jockey and Jenny, are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Silvia, for Chloe's bright eyes,
Then Aminta pursue, and fair Chloe despise,
The pure flame of love, in their breasts will ne'er
 burn,

And their nymphs learn from them, to be false in
 their turn.

Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd cot,
As they're strangers to care, bless Fate for their lot ;
Ye gay ones, and fair ones, who'd true pleasure
 share,

Be constant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Sung by Mrs. BEAUMONT, at Sadler's Wells,
The Words by Mr. ADAM SMITH.

BEFORE this gay circle once more we appear,
With mirth, wine and music to hail the new
year.

Rough winter no longer crusts o'er the gay plain,
 Or checks the enjoyments of each Sylvan swain,
 Now round the tall May pole they dance, sing and
 play.

All hailing the spring, like the lark the new day,
 Fresh pleasures the season each bosom inspire,
 And welcome the spring in its checquer'd attire.

No more shall deep snows o'er each valley be spread,
 But daisy and cowslip shall lift up their head;
 For rural delights you all quit the dull town,
 And Tom, in the meadow, gives Sall a green gown,
 While Doll, Nell and Sue, in their homespun array,
 Are each with their sweethearts as blithsome as May,
 Here mirth from droll fancies dull humour dispels,
 And wine drowns your sorrow at gay Sadler's Wells.

Old Time e'en himself, in a humour is half,
 For a moment to stop and join in a laugh.
 Harsh zealots may preach up penance and sorrow,
 To-day is the time---a fig for to-morrow.
 All innocent sports were, believe me, design'd
 To quicken the sense and enliven the mind;
 All care from each bosom our pastime dispels,
 Such, such is the Lethe of gay Sadler's Wells.

Kind friends I no longer the time will prolong,
 But beg your protection for this little song;
 No pains shall we spare all your mirth to advance,
 But gay as the morn we will lead up the dance.
 O! let us, but in your esteem be set down,
 Your hands prove the signets, our labours you crown,
 No more in my breast then anxiety dwells,
 But each night bid you welcome to gay Sadler's Wells.

A BURLESQUE,

On ' Where shall Cœlia fly for shelter ?'

By Mr. ADAM SMITH.

HELTER skelter, doctor Faustus,
 Cœlia's flown the lord knows where ;
 Poor mamma is on the fret, fir,
 And papa does curse and swear.
 Poor mamma, &c.

Sighs and sonnets more prevailed on
 Charming Cœlia's heart and mind
 Dinn'd with musty morals ever,
 Ever to the house confined.
 Dinn'd, &c.

Of discretion, she'd too much on't,
 Virtue, piety and stuff,
 From such nonsense Cœlia flew, Sir,
 Left her mamma in a huff.

What girl of spirit e'er can scoff,
 Or say, the maid's to blame ?
 Make but Cœlia's case her own,
 She'd vow she'd do the same.

Liberty, O! thou'rt a jewel,
 Which the old ones us debar,
 But oft the cuffs are flung in spite,
 Of all their caution, all their care.

Parents, wou'd you have your children
 To your wishes, to your mind,
 Severe restrictions ever shun,
 Restraint too oft' perverts the mind.

Sung by Miss DAVIS, at Marybone

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains then
I took

Each day on my charms to refine !
So much of an angel, he saw in my look,
That he swore I was something divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait ;
Like Pallas, most wonderful wife ;
And thus, of three deities fairly in prate,
He purloin'd, to please me, the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found
To make me a woman again :

My notions celestial, so much did abound,
That a goddess I still would remain.

But finding that his adoration would cease,
My senses at last were restor'd ;

From sublimity gently descending to peace,
I beg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautions, ye youths, with the nymph that you
prize,

Nor too much her beauty commend ;
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the
skies,

To the earth she'll not easy descend.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR and Miss DAVIS at Marybone

D A M O N.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's
fair,

With a chaplet of roses I braided my hair ;

But

But the willow, sad shepherd, must shadow my brow,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vow;
To the groves with fond Colin my shepherdess flies,
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink thee, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkins, had yesterday stray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis
forgot,
And drove the gay rambles quite home to her cot:
But a swain so deceitful, no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer's gay season young Phœbe was kind,
And her manners were graceful, untainted her mind;
Tho' the sweets of contentment her cottage adorn;
Tho she's fresh as the rose-bud, and fair as the
morn;
Tho' she smiles like Pomona, those smiles I'd resign
Wou'd Phillis be faithful and deign to be mine,

PHILLIS.

On his pipe tho' blithe Colin so prettly plays;
Tho' he sings such sweet sonnets, and writes in my
praise;
Tho' he chose me his true-love, last Valentine's day,
When birds sat, like bridegrooms, all pair'd on the
spray;
I could drive the gay shepherd far, far from my
mind,
If Damon the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Fine folks, my dear Phillis, may revel and range;
But how fleeting the pleasure that's founded on
change!

The villager's cottage, such happiness brings,
That peasants, with pity, may look upon kings.

P H I L L I S.

To the church then let's hasten, our transports to
bind,

And Phillis will always prove constant and kind.

D A M O N.

To the church then let's hasten our transport to
bind,

And Damon will always prove constant and kind.

A N E W S O N G,

Written by Mr. ADAM SMITH, and sung by him at
the Theatre-Royal on Richmond Green.

BY the ladies I oft have been charg'd with neglect,

For the bottle, they vow, I have greater respect;
They carp at my conduct, my words they entwine,
My Betsy they cry up—but down with my wine:
I sometimes must own they my spirits perplex,
But say what they please, I adore the dear sex.
Love and Truth is the motto of Cupid's great shrine,
But Bacchus's motto is Mirth, Love and Wine.

Give

Give reason but room, take a moment to think,
 How insipid's the lover who never cou'd drink ;
 But let him once taste the ripe juice of the vine,
 He'll soon be convinc'd of the force of good wine.
 Observe me, ye fair, I'll this maxim ne'er scan,
 I'll be a true lover, but keep up the man ;
 What's wine without love ? Let the sages define,
 Or, tell me, ye lovers—what's love without wine ?
 Grave prudes they may rail, and all wond'ring de-
 clare,

“ How vulgar and drunken the fellows all are !”
 But under the rose—now, a truth I'll define,
 The huffeys themselves love a bumper of wine.
 He is not the lover, when Chloe does frown,
 That runs to a brook with intention to drown ;
 Now my way's another—I'll treat her in kind,
 Or, if I must drown, it shall be—in good wine.

Give me love as its meant, and I care not a straw ;
 Of the same give me wine, and in neither's no flaw.
 Since love was the great and creative design,
 So, to heighten that love, was sent us good wine.
 Say, why should one blessing another annoy,
 Since each was design'd us in turn to enjoy ?
 Let the puny tame lover for beauty repine,
 No love is like that—that's inspir'd by good wine.

Sung by Mrs. SMITH, at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

WHEN ever I wed I'll have all things my
 way,
 In nothing I'll e'er be debarred ;

For

For sooner than e'er he my will shou'd gainsay,
Ud rat it I'll never be marry'd.

So many have thought, perhaps, you may say,
And oft in this point have miscarry'd;
But it signifies nothing, I will have my way,
Or rat it I'll never be marry'd.

To be snubb'd and be fool'd, that I never can bear,
For that, faith, I always have parry'd;
And before that a man shou'd be master, I swear,
Ud rat it, I'd never be marry'd.

Shou'd ought go awry, he shall frown and shall
chide,

If absent I chanc'd to have tarry'd :
On my word, mighty fine, on such terms to be ty'd,
I wonder who'd ever be marry'd.

I plenty of sweethearts have had in my time,
And each thought the day to have carry'd;
Some courted in prose, and others in rhyme,
But none of the fools I e'er marry'd.

For the way to live easy, is single to be :
In wedlock what hopes have miscarry'd !
No fellow in earth shall e'er controul me,
For, rat it, I'll never be marry'd.

TELL me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first befell me,
In a moment so to quell me ;
He but woo'd I and was won :
In a moment, &c.

Ev'ry

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Ev'ry
Ev'ry ge
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For him
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Ev'ry kind expreffion charm'd me,
 Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
 Ev'ry gentle figh difarm'd me,
 Till I lov'd but him alone;
 Till I lov'd, &c.

Let me then on love relying,
 Make a merit of complying;
 For him happinefs denying,
 I, alas! &c.

The CHACE. A CANTATA.

Set to Mufic by Mr. ADAM SMITH, and fung by him
 at Richmond, and by Mr. KEAR, at the Theatre in
 Birmingham.

RECITATIVE.

NOW faintly glimm'ring in the eaft,
 Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,
 As loth to quit fair Thetis' breast;
 The dew befangles ev'ry thorn;
 The herald lark falutes the skies,
 And bids the jocund sportsman rife.

A I R.

Hark the chace is begun!
 See, yonder they run!
 And fleet as the wind the ftag flies:
 O'er mountain and dale,
 Thro' woodland and vale,
 His purfuers a while he defies.

Est

But in vain is his speed,
They faster proceed,
In hopes to o'er take him anon;
While Echo around,
With the horn and the hound,
Responsive reply ton ta ron.

Thus we pleasure obtain
Without sickness or pain,
Such a ruddiness smiles in each face.
Ye Jemmys prepare,
Mount the steed if ye dare,
And overtake health in the chace.

Sung at Vaux-hall, by Mrs. WEICHEL.

FAITHLESS Damon's turn'd a rover,
From my longing arms he flies;
Soon return, thou prejur'd lover,
Or your hapless Cælia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish,
Will you false and cruel prove?
Hither haste to ease my languish,
And reward your Cælia's love.
Faithless Damon's, &c.

Think, O think how thus deceiving,
Tender virgin's hearts are won;
Foolish maids, too soon believing,
Are by faithless men undone.
Faithless Damon's, &c.

Sung

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vaux-hall.

WHAT is Chloe to me, or Lydia, the fair ?
 Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare.
 What's Lydia's clear skin, or Chloe's bright eyes ?
 When Delia is near, their charms I despise,
 You say I'm inconstant, and fain would persuade,
 I profess the same passion to every maid :
 The fault is your own ; would you leave your reserve,
 Each fair I'd relinquish, thy love to deserve.
 To other day, now for instance, you vow'd in the
 grove,
 You'd meet your fond shepherd, and list to his love ;
 My passion wound high, your promise you fail'd,
 Chance brought the young Chloe, and Chloe pre-
 vail'd.
 Last Thursday at wake, you declar'd on the green,
 You'd dance with your shepherd, as soon as 'twas
 e'en ;
 But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart ;
 I gave Lydia my hand, but thou hadst my heart.
 But Delia, is haughty, and Delia is coy,
 And Delia, ere long, my flame will destroy ;
 Then consider, ye fair, while love ye deride,
 The slave you ensnare, may be freed by your pride.

REAL LOVE.

A new Song, by Mr. ADAM SMITH.

AS Phillis and I together were sat,
 All rural, beneath a cool shade ;

I

Busy'd

Busy'd in love and harmless chat,
 Where wavy branches play'd.
 Thus in contentment, joy, and love,
 We pass our hours away ;
 Endearments soft, my heart does move,
 Her presence rules the day.

'Tis her I love ; for her I live ;
 No day nor hour I spend,
 But what with her my heart I leave,
 With Phillis, my love ! my friend !
 No, not a pause my rapture knows,
 Nor no tumultuous care ;
 For more and more my soul it glows
 Intense upon the fair.

Sweet social joys, communion true,
 Our love no impulse knows ;
 With blessings bless'd, forever new
 Our love dilated grows.
 Soon as Aurora plumes the east
 And roscate mantle spreads,
 Bedeck'd with health and happiness,
 We joyous trip the meads.

Like as the Sun in amber car
 His annual orbit runs,
 So shines my Phillis, beauteous fair,
 As bright as summer suns.
 Sedate her thoughts, a modest air,
 She scorns each impious art,
 With judgment just and sense refin'd,
 She captivates my heart.

SIMPLE

SIMPLE
 Talk
 Think not,
 Think no
 Did I take
 Thrice t
 Thrice ten
 Gladly w
 Simple
 Seek not h
 To some
 Chuse whe
 Leave C
 Simp

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 Hark, ha

SIMPLE Strephon cease complaining,
Talk no more of foolish love ;
Think not, e'er my heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand slaves a day ;
Thrice ten thousand times your better
Gladly would my rule obey.
Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her, who still forbids you ;
To some other tell your moan ;
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
Leave Chlorinda but alone.
Simple Strephon, &c.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. at Vaux-hall

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

BRIGHT dawns the day, with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

A I R.

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer ;
With enlivening sounds
Encourage your hounds
To rival the speed of the deer.
Would you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair :
Hark, hark ! " he's unharbour'd " they cry ;

I 2

Then

Then fleet o'er the plain,
 We gallop amain—
 All, all is a transport of joy.
 O'er heaths, hills and woods,
 Thro' forests and floods,
 The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
 The welkin resounds,
 With the cry of the hounds,
 That chant in a concert behind.
 Adieu to old Care,
 Pale Grief and Despair,
 We ride in oblivion of fear ;
 Vexation and pain,
 We leave to the train,
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.
 Lo ! the stag stands at bay,
 The pack's at a stay,
 Then eagerly seize on the prize :
 The welkin resounds,
 To the chorus of hounds :
 Shrill horns wind his knell—and he dies.

THE HINT.

The Words and Music by Mr. ADAM SMITH. Sung
 by Mrs. SMITH at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

ATTEND all ye virgins, and list to my song,
 I'll warrant the truth, and it shall not be long :
 'Tis a hint to that sex who our virtue assails,
 When favours are granted—they never tell tales.

With

With oaths
 They'd lay
 But defence
 The favour
 Young Da
 He could
 In pity sho
 But little
 When, al
 ma
 Of her ho
 Enrag'd v
 And justl
 Then tell
 Is love a
 If so, ma
 Be despis
 You can
 You kno
 No soon
 But flush
 Ye girls
 And lea
 Then t
 Adore t

Su
 W

With oaths protestations and sighs the men swear
 They'd lay down their lives in defence of the fair ;
 But defence and protection no longer avails,
 The favour once gain'd, they forget—and tell tales.

Young Damon was dying, and swore by his life
 He could not survive, till he'd Sylvia to wife :
 In pity she listen'd—he by art did prevail ;
 But little she thought 'twas a different tale.

When, alas, the dire change ! soon found the poor
 maid

Of her honour and virtue so meanly betray'd,
 Enrag'd was the nymph, at his perfidy rails,
 And justly abhors him for treach'ry and tales.

Then tell me, ye lords and ye masters, I pray,
 Is love and protection, to sooth and betray ?
 If so, may each man who so meanly prevails
 Be despis'd all his life—for telling of tales.

You cannot be angry at what I relate ;
 You know it a truth, and you cannot gainsay't :
 No sooner the swain o'er a maiden prevails,
 But flush with success—he runs telling of tales.

Ye girls act with caution, men's arts then beware,
 And learn to avoid each intricate snare :
 Then take my advice, nor let fashood prevail,
 Adore the fond youth, but despise the tell-tale.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSEL, at Vauxhall.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
 You must all your hopes conceal ;

Men, inconstant, will discover,
What our sex too oft reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,
Fickle men are full of arts ?
By a thoughtless, fond confession,
They seduce and steal our hearts.
Wou'd you wish, &c.

Shun, O ! shun their soft persuasion ;
Let not tears your passions move ;
But embrace the first occasion,
When convinc'd they truly love.
Wou'd you wish, &c.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

O Venus, queen of soft delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r ?

Who wishes to attend the rites,
In which thy vot'ries share :

Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill ;

When he his unfeign'd love declares,
For Patty of the hill.

What strains, O goddess ! must he find,
To melt her frozen heart,

Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart :

Unless thy son shall aid his lays
And love in her instil,

In vain must prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the hill.

Her

Her cheek v
Her b
Inferior fan
The sp
Her voice c
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In her is c
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Her soul
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Her cheek with rose and lilly vies,
 Her breath the sweet woodbines ;
 Inferior far unto her eyes,
 The sparkling diamond shines :
 Her voice exceeds the linnet's notes,
 Exceeds the thrush's thrill ;
 In vain they strive to raise their throats,
 Like Patty's of the hill.
 How shall I paint her tender mind,
 The charm I most admire ;
 In her is ev'ry virtue join'd
 That passion can inspire :
 Her soul the graces all refine,
 She stoops to reason's will ;
 P'd Venus,—all the world—resign.
 For Patty of the hill.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

RETURN'D, return'd, the season of delight !
 Most welcome to the long deluded fight !
 The earth and sky conspire to cheer the soul,
 And grateful joy salutes and crowns the whole.
 Love calls, Love calls, and Hymen leads the way ;
 The ruddy youth and maiden chaste obey ;
 The silken band of holy friendship tie,
 And healthful raise a beauteous progeny.
 Roll on, roll on, thou lively nimble flood
 Of wanton spirits gay, and youthful blood ;
 Th' impatient lover ne'er shall know remorse.
 If truth and honour guide his rapid course.

Strike

Strike up, strike up, add music to the feast,
Where Love presides, and Friendship is a guest;
Subservient music, friendship, wit and wine,
To the bright pow'rs of female face divine.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

'T WAS in the pleasant month of May,
When males and females sport and play
A wanton sparrow full of prate,
With spousy on a tree was fat;
They talk'd how faithful they would be,
And chirp'd eternal constancy:
The only thing that damp'd their sport,
Was fear their lives would be too short,
But as from bough to bough they fly,
Not dreaming any creature nigh,
For want of a more downy bed,
Upon a twig with bird-lime spread,
In haste their fond regard to prove,
'They take their little fill of love:
The only thing that damp'd their sport,
Was fear their lives wou'd prove too short.
But pains to pleasures soon succeed,
To both it prov'd a fatal deed;
For tho' with ease they broke away,
And baulk'd a school-boy of his prey;
The bridegroom in the hasty strife,
Was stuck so fast unto his wife,
That tho' they us'd their utmost art,
They quickly found they ne'er must part.

A gloo.

A gloom
He found
He pouts
As other
Whene'er
She kiss'd
With fav
Abroad,
But he, f
At length
So back t
They sit,
Thus, at
A jostle,
This is
That life

T A
I for on
In the
For each
Equal
He's my
Love

'T

A gloomy cloud o'ercast his brow,
 He found himself he knew not how;
 He pouts and glouts, and peevish grew,
 As other angry husbands do:
 Whene'er he mov'd, he felt her still,
 She kiss'd him oft against his will:
 With favours still o'erwhelm'd her lord,
 Abroad, at home, at bed, at board.
 But he, still obstinate and stout,
 At length, her stock of love was out,
 So back to back, in discontent,
 They sit, and sullenly repent.
 Thus, after some few hearty pray'rs,
 A jostle, and some spiteful tears,
 This is the burthen of their song,
 That life is tedious and too long.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at Marybone.

TALK no more of love to me,
 All your suit will not prevail;
 I for one confess a flame,
 In the humble flow'ry vale.
 For each other long we've sigh'd,
 Equal both, in birth and place;
 He's my only joy and pride,
 Love can laugh at noble race.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
 When evening steals upon the sky,
 That

That Susan chose the woodbine shade,
And William taught that grove to sigh;
The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,
The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lilly hand,

Which oft had made the milk look pale :
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,

And thus he breath'd his tender tale :
The list'ning streams a while forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow !

“ O smile, my fair ! thy dimple smiles

“ Shall lengthen on the setting ray !

“ Thus let us melt the hours in blifs,

“ Thus sweetly languish life away ;

“ Thus sigh ourselves into each other's breast,

“ Loving as turtles, and as turtles blest.”

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet consent,

He thank'd her on his bended knee ;

And warmly press'd her virgin lip——

Was ever youth so blest as he ?

The moon to light the lovers homeward, rose,
And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

AT Delia's feet Philander sigh'd
But sigh'd, alas ! in vain :
The nymph, with scorn, his suit deny'd,
And triumph'd in his pain.

AIR.

A I R.

His pray'rs to Cupid wing'd their flight,
 Who with compassion heard ;
 And swift as fly the beams of light,
 The god himself appear'd.

" Where is this hard obdurate heart,
 " On cruelty intent ?

He said, and from his bow a dart
 Precipitately sent.

The devious arrow left its course,
 The bow was drawn in vain ;
 For Delia's eyes repell'd its force,
 And turn'd it back again.

On Cupid's breast it gave the blow ;
 He felt the poignant wound ;
 When strait his ineffectual bow,
 Fell useless on the ground.

A I R.

" Hence ill betide the luckless hour,"
 The god in anguish cries ;

" For oh, alas ! I feel my pow'r
 " Usurp'd by Delia's eyes !

" Then deem not, swain, thy lot severe,
 " Since I, of race divine,

" Am thus compell'd, compell'd to wear,
 " An equal chain with thine."

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

THE goodness of women some men will dispute,
 But I shall their arguments fairly confute ;
 Unde-

Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,
And, say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues,
That they harrafs your ears, and destroy their own
lungs ;

Should they talk, pretty creatures, from morning till
night,

From fifteen to fifty, they're all in the right.

If resentment against the fair sex you conceive,
Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe ;
Behold their sweet faces, resentment will fly,
Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus you know,
How he follow'd his wife to the regions below ;
But it must be a falsehood, because one so fair,
So lovely, and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail,
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail ;
Perfection to kings and the fair sex belong,
For women, like monarchs, can never do wrong.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

DISTANT fly thee, carping Care,
From the spot where I do dwell ;
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns be gone to hermit's cell :
But let me live the life of souls,
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

Miser

Miser,
I give
Wrote
Wi
Fly, bird
That lov
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May
Who can
Nor e'en
Joys o
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That let
With lo

I AM
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I'm tear
Say, wh
I cannot
Nor kn
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Such at

Miser, with thy paltry pelf,
 I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope ;
 Wretch that liv'st but for thyself,
 With heart of rust that cannot ope :
 Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls
 That love and laugh, o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
 Or the eye that drops a tear,
 And not weed their minds of woe,
 May not dare to venture here :
 Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taste ;
 Health and Mirth dwell at my gate ;
 Whilst with ease my sand doth waste,
 Whilst I bless the book of Fate
 That lets me live the life of souls
 With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

I AM a young shepherd, the pride of the plain ;
 The lasses all strive my affection to gain ;
 I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue ;
 Say, what wou'd you have such a young shepherd do ?
 I cannot be easy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the reason they follow me so ;
 'Tis strange I am sure, you will readily own,
 That tho' I refuse they wo'nt let me alone.
 Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green,
 Such numbers came round me as never were seen ;

K

To

To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
 So I fix'd upon one, who is lovely and fair.
 Her ease and good nature, I vow and protest,
 Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest;
 She has wit, youth and beauty the passions to move,
 And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit and their taste and their genius proclaim,

Come, attend to my song, where you'll certainly find,
 A secret disclos'd, for the good of mankind.

And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,
 I've found out a Padlock, to keep the wife true.

Shou'd the amorous goddess preside o'er the dame,

With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;

Shou'd her beauty lead captive each softer desire,

And languishing lovers still sigh and admire,

Yet fearless you'll trust her, tho' thousands may see,

When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,

With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
 chains ;

How fatally weak must this artifice prove—

Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?

Throw jealousy hence ! bid suspicion adieu,

Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Shou'd her fancy invite to the park or the play,

All complying and kind, you must give her her way
 W i.

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While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve;
 'Tis reason secures you the treasure of love;
 And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair-one is safe if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues and foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,—
 'Tis the charms of indulgence that bind the soft sex;
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view,
 Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSEL, at Vauxhall.

WHEN chilling Winter hies away,
 I, Flora, re-assume my reign;
 Borne on the wings of balmy May,
 I come to paint the wood and plain:
 Ambrosial sweets I have in store:
 The cowslip, violet, rose appear;
 The nymphs and swains my pow'r adore,
 And wish my presence all the year.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

LET fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love;
 While weeping maids lament the change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove:
 But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Elham's dale;
 And ev'ry blessing find its way,
 To Nancy of the vale.

Fresh as the bord'ring flowers bloom,
 Her eye's all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume,
 Was never half so blue :
 Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait and fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !
 Gay lordings fought her for their bride,
 But she wou'd ne'er incline ;
 " Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine :
 " 'Tis Strephom on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."
 Struck with her charms and matchless truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair,
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow'd my future care :
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 And I her charms forego ;
 The stream that saw her tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Maryhone.

SOFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove;
 Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love;
 Yet let no delights on your moments intrude,
 But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred ;
 Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led !
 But joys which both reason and virtue approve,
 Such such, are the glory and pride of the grove.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall

ONE April morn, young Damon sought,
 O'er Sylvia to prevail,
 And with dissimulation fraught,
 He thus address'd his tale.

Now Winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
 And Spring's prolific reign
 Impels the blossom and the flow'r,
 To deck the smiling plain ;

Let us, my dearest girl, repair
 To yonder bloomy grove ;
 For oh ! I long to tell thee there
 How ardently I love.

When Prudence, watchful for the good
 Of all who seek her care,
 Confest before the damsel stood,
 And said — of man beware.

What tho' his words, as honey sweet,
 Seem all in candour drest,
 Yet art, the parent of deceit,
 Lies lurking in his breast.

Admonish'd by this faithful friend,
 The cautious maid reply'd,
 The youth I to the grove attend,
 Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd ! the swain his purpose saw
 In blackest colours rise ;
 Her honour struck his soul with awe,
 And fill'd with shame his eyes ;
 To church he led the lovely maid
 Fair Virtue's sacred school !
 While Sylvia archly smil'd, and said,
 Now—who's the April fool ?

Set to Music by Mr. POTTER.

C H O R U S.

HITHER come, hither come,
 To the sound of the drum !
 Pleasure courts you out to joy,
 Let us then the gift employ !

Mr. VERNON.

Summer's vernal sweets abound,
 Sportive lambkins frolic round,
 Painted hills and dales appear,
 Flora decks the smiling year.

Mrs. WEICHSEL.

Under fragrant, rosy bow'rs,
 Lovers pass the fleeting hours ;
 Nymphs and shepherds now are seen,
 Dancing on the checquer'd green.

C H O R U S.

Hither come, &c.

Mr.

Mr. VERNON.

By yon hedge-row's pleasing shade,
View each jolly, toping blade;
Bacchus lends his pow'r divine,
In a goblet full of wine.

Mrs. PINTO.

All are happy, all are gay;
Such the blifs of blooming May;
Hither hafte, ye fons of mirth;
Joy and pleasure here have birth

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at Marybone.

COME, Hope, thou queen of endless smiles,
Whose aid the woes of life beguiles?
With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.
I feel, I feel thy gladfome ray,
Dawn on my foul like rifing day!
My heart no more fhall feel its care,
For joyful Hope inhabits there.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at Marybone.

PALE fear fhall ne'er my glory ftain;
From pride thefe blufhes rife:
'Tis noble fcorn, 'tis high difdain,
That fparkle in thefe eyes:

Tho'

Tho' rigid virtue may assume
 Dominion o'er the soul;
 O'er men and gods soft beauty's bloom,
 Still reigns without controul.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

IF music can charm, and if love can invite;
 No less, rosy Bacchus, thou giv'st us delight;
 I love them, 'tis true; but my bottle, I swear,
 Is at once the best friend, and physician of care;
 But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,
 Apollo and Venus with Bacchus must join.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Marybone.

LOVE's a fever of the mind,
 Kindling fierce consuming fires;
 Sweet its first approach we find,
 Raising new and soft desires.
 Soon it fills with hopes and fears,
 Sighs and tremblings break the rest;
 Glowing wishes, wasting tears,
 Night and day distract the breast.

Sung by Mrs. ARNE, at Ranelagh; and Master
 BROWN, at Marybone Gardens.

SWEE-EST of pretty maids let Cupid incline
 thee,
 T' accept of a faithful heart which now I resign thee,
 Scorning

Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny :

Take me, Jenny,
Let me win you,
While I'm in the humour,
I implore you,
I adore you,

What can mortal do more ?

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly:
There's my hand, there's my hand, 'twill never be-
guile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting ;
Well polish'd thy iv'ryneck, thy round arms inviting ;
Oft', at the milk white churn, with rapture, I've
seen them,

But, oh ! how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own arms
between them,

Take me, Jenny, &c.

I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the moun-
tain ;

And water to brew good ale, from yon crystal foun-
tain ;

I've too, a pretty cot, with garden and land to't,
But all will be doubly sweet, when you put a had
to't.

Take me, Jenny, &c.

Set to Music by Mr. BACH.

C H O R U S.

YE nymphs and ye swains who love pleasure,
And jolly and gay,
Would laugh down the day,
And sport to Mirth's frolicksome measure ! Oh,

Oh hasten and come !—Ask you whither ?
We beckon you all to come hither,

A I R. Mrs. WEICHSEL.

Groves eccho with sounds so endearing,
The birds merry song,
Enchants all day long,
Then wakes the brisk pipe all so cheering ;
To the dance then away.—Ask you whither ?
We beckon you all to come hither.

C H O R U S.

To the dance then away, &c.

A I R. Mr. VERNON.

All thought and all sorrow we banish ;
No sigh, nor a fear,
Can dare to come near,
At the bowl's brimming fight they all vanish :
Then quick come away.—Ask you wither ?
We beckon you all to come hither.

C H O R U S.

Then quick come away, &c.

A I R. Mrs. PINTO.

This Love who is now so inviting :
Here mildly he reigns,
Over nymphs and their swains,
With joys all so new and delighting :
Then come to the call.—Ask you whither ?
We beckon you all to come hither.

CHO.

C H O R U S.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who love pleasure,
And jolly and gay, &c.

A T R I O. Set by Mr. Worgan.

C H O R U S.

YE lovers of greatness and show,
Who bask in life's sunshine so gay;
And think that you only can know
To live merrily all thro' the day!
Come hither and see'
How blithesome are we,
Whom danger nor care can invade;
We live in Contentment's blest shade,

Mr. VERNON.

As soon as the sun calls the day,
With the lark to our labours we rise;
With health in our cheeks, hearts so gay,
And pleasure that swims in our eyes:
How sweetly from toil must we rest.
No sorrow to waken the breast!

C H O R U S.

Brisk health then, and love, dance and song,
Shall live with us all the day long,

Mrs. WEICHEL.

To hie to the cool mossy bow'r,
To wander o'er hill, dale and grove,
To gather each sweet smelling flow'r,
And know not a passion but love,

Is

Is the glory of nymphs and their swains
Come taste then the joy of the plains.

C H O R U S.

Brisk health, &c.

Mrs. PINTO.

Here Plenty and peace, all are found ;
And Frolic, and Laughter's gay trains ;
The swift rolling seasons come round,
T'enliven the nymphs and the swains :
Sons of pride, and of grandeur, and noise,
Can ye boast of more heart-pleasing joys ?

C H O R U S.

Brisk health, &c.

The Music by Mr. ARNOLD.

A I R. Mrs. WEICHSSEL.

BEAUTY's ever smiling queen,
Joy of men, and pow'rs above ;
Hither to the verdant scene ;
Here erect the throne of Love.

C H O R U S.

Spring adorn'd with ev'ry flow'r,
Here invites thee to the bow'r.

A I R. Mr. VERNON.

Let the god of gen'rous wine,
His nectareous juice afford ;
Bounteous Ceres with him join,
With him deck the social board.

CHO.

CHORUS.

Spring adorn'd, &c.

A I R. Mrs. PINTO.

Phœbus, master of the lyre,
When perform'd thy western way,
Hither with thy tuneful choir ;
Here assist the poet's lay.

CHORUS.

Spring adorn'd, &c.

YOUNG Damon, with seducing art,
His deathless passion pleads ;
Bids Sylvia take his constant heart :
She loves, and he succeeds.

Yet, he her kiss-imprinted lips
Forsakes within the hour,
And apes the roving bee that sips
The sweets of ev'ry flower.

New objects now attract his eyes,
Subdu'd by other charms ;
While hapless Sylvia vainly tries
To lure him to her arms.

Of this, ye blooming fair, be sure,
If Virtue once give way,
The heart you think you hold secure.
No longer owns your sway.

L.

Sung.

Sung by Mrs. ARNE, at Ranelagh; and Master
BROWN, at Marybone Gardens.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did
crown,

Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!

Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me:

Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any;
Favour thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee,

Can the death of a linnnet, give Nanny the spleen?
Can losing of trifles, a heart-aching be?

Can lap-dogs, and monkies, draw tears from those
een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny;

Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me,

Oh! thou art as bonny, be faithful as any;

Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,

That slid away softly, between thee and me,

E'er squirrels, and beaux, and their fop'ry had pow'r,

To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,

Let thy desires be all center'd in me:

Oh! thou art as bonny, be prudent as any:

Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

Advise

Advice to Chloe, a New Cantata. Sung by Master
BROWN, at Marybone

STILL you fly me, skittish creature,
Lovely maid than Flora sweeter;
Shifting like a tim'rous fawn,
Near it's mother on the lawn:
Starting, panting, void of rest,
Swift it bounds with fear distress'd.

Tho' suspicion's all that harms it,
Ev'ry moving leaf alarms it;
If a glow-worm chance to lie,
Near the hedge 'tis passing by,
Starting, panting, &c.

All these foolish notions flee on;
I'm no tyger, bear, or lion;
Grief of heart shall ne'er oppress thee,
But fond love, with ardor press thee:
Leave, since past thy childish years,
Girlish whims, and needless fears.

From thy watchful mother flying,
With a lover's flame complying,
Gayly pass the fleeting hours
And, mature with female pow'rs,
Fondly toying, and enjoying,
Taste the sweets of constant love

Sung by Miss FROUD, at Marybone.

MY laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
L 2 Tho'

Tho' blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy with hearts full of glee;
 I can't without envy their merriments see;
 Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair;
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
 Oh! fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,
 For Love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste;
 Then farewell each care, and—adieu each vain sigh—
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I!
 I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain.
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

Sung by Miss FROUD, at Marybone.

FREEDOM is a real treasure,
 Love a dream all false and vain;
 Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the pain.
 Freedom, &c.

A sincere and tender passion
 Some ill planet over-rules

Ab!

Ah ! how blind is inclination !
 Fate and woman doat on fools !
 A sincere, &c.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR, at Marybone.

JENNY charming, but a woman,
 Some capricious whim to please,
 'Fore lov'd Jockey with gay Damon,
 Lov'd and listen'd to his praise.
 Jockey somewhat jealous growing,
 Blush'd, turn'd pale, and blush'd again ;
 But the nymph his anguish knowing,
 Thus bespoke the tender swain ;
 Poor thing, is't vex'd ! Nay, let me see,
 It grieves me much to pity thee.

Jockey bow'd in soft confusion :
 Damon profiting, of this,
 Caught the nymph in fond delusion
 In his arms and snatch'd a kiss :
 She with warm resentment firing,
 Pretty smartly slap'd his face ;
 Rage and wit, at once conspiring,
 She thus cry'd, with witching grace :
 Poor thing, &c.

Damon, brutish in his nature,
 Tho' a gay and fluttering swain ;
 Shew'd resentment in each feature,
 At which Jenny smil'd disdain.
 Jockey inwardly delighted,
 Saw his power o'er the maid,

While each nymph and swain united,
And to Damon often said,
Poor thing, &c.

Sung by Miss Froun, at Marybone.

OH! how vain is ev'ry blessing!
How insipid all our joys!
Life how little worth possessing
But when love it's time employs!
Love, the purest, noblest pleasure,
That the gods on earth bestow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe!

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vaux-hall.

THOU' Sol hath left the western skies,
And bid the world good night,
The radiance of Belinda's eyes
Affords sufficient light.
In her the graces all unite,
The loves around her play;
What mortal can at such a sight,
Regret the absent day?
Should ev'ry flow'ret hide it's head,
And wither in its bloom;
Her roseat breath, diffusive spread,
Would yield a rich perfume.
Should music cease to charm the ear,
In symphony or song;

'Twould

'Twould be enchanting still to hear
The music of her tongue.

Ye fair, forgive me, if I seem
Too lavish of her praise;
Nor let my fond enraptur'd theme,
Your indignation raise.

Forgive me, if I now declare,
In this sweet rural place,
Each lady looks so wond'rous fair,
You've all Belinda's grace.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Marybone.

CRUEL shepherd, would you leave me,
Of delight so soon bereave me?

When you at my feet was lying,
Hoping, wishing, panting, sighing,
Kinder thoughts did then employ ye,
Thoughts to please and not destroy me.

When this heart you was subduing,
Cou'd you mean it's peace to ruin?
Turn and let me cease to chide ye,
Then shall ev'ry joy betide ye.

The N O S E G A Y.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Marybone.

WHat harm in so simple a token of love!
I cull'd him the prime of the garden and
grove;

He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew;
Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey?
 No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they;
 He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
 And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid.
 In my quick-mounting blushes the virgins descry
 What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny:
 And the cold-hearted prudes, ah! how wary they
 shun
 The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.
 Your thoughts then, dear sister, with caution conceal,
 The soft glowing passion be slow to reveal;
 Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such,
 That granting a whisper is granting too much.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vaux-hall.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
 And sings a salute to the dawn:
 The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn.

Whilst the sons of Debauch t'indulgence give way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours,
 Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
 How proud! and how stately it stands on it's stalk,
 In beauty's diversity drest!

From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
 What odours incessantly spring!

The

The South wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats ;

In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets ;

So humble, that, tho' with unparallel'd grace,
She might e'en her palace adorn,
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

To beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens her charms ;
When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
And the graces await at her call,
To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
And hail thee the vi'let of all.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vaux-hall.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain ;
No comfort's in my mind :
Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier swain,
Were Sylvia less unkind .

For when as long her chains I've worn,
I seek relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn—
Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold ;

But

But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold.

Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
For wealth and not desert;
And my poor sighs and tears despise?—
Alas will break my heart

When, like some panting, hov'ring dove,
I for my blifs contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.

Ah ! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part ;
'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
Alas ! and break my heart.

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told.

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid,
Will take my injur'd part ;
And blame thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

PHILLIS. to whom none dare be rude,
Whose modest looks conceal'd the prude,
By chance was seen, the other day,
Alone in shady groves to stray :
Perhaps you'll ask what she was at ;
I dare not tell ; but mum for that.

She

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She saw a lovely youth appear ;
 Fearless, where virgins ought to fear :
 Well, and what then—suppose she did ;
 We know that Scandal's apt to fib.
 Perhaps you'll ask what they were at ;
 I dare not tell ; but mum for that.

Ye fair ones let this instance prove
 There's no concealing lawless love ;
 In secret lurks the busy spy—
 Nay trees have, oft, an unseen eye ;
 Would you conceal what you'd be at,
 Be more reserv'd ; but mum for that.

Since Love must, then, each bosom rule.
 His precepts learn from Virtue's school ;
 Let wedlock authorize the youth
 Who burns with honour and with truth ;
 And, should you ask what he'd be at,
 I dare not tell ; but mum for that.

IN the JOVIAL CREW.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard, of late, she'd a mind to me ;
 I met her on the green, in her best array ;
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;
 O then we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to blame ?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.
 As I sponder, grew, she began to prate ;
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate ?
 But, then I laugh'd, and swore I lov'd her more than so ;
 For, tied each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and fro :
 Again

Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.
 'Then she sigh'd and said she was wond'rous sick;
 Dicky Katy led; Katy she led Dick.
 Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak;
 Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke:
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name:
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

ASK if you damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air,
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Sufannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards unenvy'd, laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufannah mine.

GO rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love:
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there:

I see

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,
 With envy and despair.
 One common fate we both must prove ;
 You die with envy—I, with love.

Sung in LIONEL and CLARISSA.

I Wonder, I swear,
 How women can bear
 A fop that himself still admires ;
 Mere puppets for play,
 Of papier maché,
 Without either soul or desires.
 One's pois'd in one's aim,
 To give them a name,
 Things of such equivocal growth ;
 Nor master nor miss,
 But 'twixt that and this,
 Ridiculous copies of both.

Sung by Mr. SMITH, at the Theatre-Royal on
 Richmond-Green.

WHILST of life I hold the span,
 What can Nature give to man
 Better than the flowing bowl,
 Sparkling with the luscious spoil
 Of the ripen'd vintage toil,
 Sight reviving to the soul.

Let my cup run o'er the brim,
 In it every pleasure swim ;
 Let me gulp 'em, gulp 'em down,

M

Then

Then I'll be a match for Care,
Take what shapes he will or dare—
Beauty, honour, or a crown.

Love's a light fantastic god,
Full of vain chimeras odd :
Bacchus, I thy shrine adore,
Titles, riches, let me 'scape,
Lovely, clust'ring, purple grape,
Give me that I ask no more.

'Twixt me and the dreary grave
Not one single frown I'll have,
Daddy Time, as thou shalt see.
But when pleaseth gentle Fate,
Call me soon or call me late,
Laughing I'll reel home with thee.

YE fair, posselt of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will ;
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill ;
Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flattery bears no part ;
An honest verse that flows sincere
And candid from the heart ?
Great is your pow'r ; but greater yet
Mankind it might engage ;
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage :
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
For who's to beauty blind ?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamester's to little purpose win
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

RALPH's RAMBLE to LONDON,
 With Additions by Mr. ADAM SMITH.
 Sung by him at the Theatre-Royal on Richmond-
 Green.

The Verses mark'd thus " are added.

I SE a poor innocent clown,
 And lately I rambled to town ;
 For I'd heard the folk say
 'Twas a place fine and gay,
 And I wanted to see it, I own.
 I luckily met with a friend,
 And begg'd his assistance to lend ;
 So he led me about,
 'Midst the rabble and rout,
 That I thought the whole world at an end.
 " When first to a church then we come,
 " With somewhat they call'd like a dome :
 " Zooks, I fe wonder'd, and thought
 " If from France it was brought,
 " Or whether 'twas made here at home.

M z

" I'cod

" I'cod I was pleas'd, I mun say,
 " While people devoutly did pray ;
 " But to speak the truth, mun,
 " When organs begun,
 " I cou'd scarcely help footing away.
 " From thence to a church, where they say,
 " The kings and the queens they all lay ;
 " And both men and their wives,
 " Who ne'er pray'd in their lives,
 " Are piously praying away.
 " But one thing, I'cod made me stare,
 " 'Twas made all of stone, I declare ;
 " 'Twas a woundy round post,
 " And I believe, without boast,
 " It run up a mile in the air.
 " Thence away to a house fine and gay,
 " The name on't I cannot well say ;
 " But they drink tea and talk,
 " And round and round walk,
 " While the music so sweetly did play.
 " Next night to a place in the fields,
 " Together my friend and I wheels,
 " Where wire and string
 " They dance, and straws fling,
 " That the devil I thought at their heels.
 We went to a place call'd the play,
 Where I thought I shou'd find somewhat gay :
 But they murder'd a king,
 Which I thought a strange thing,
 And the people went laughing away.

But

But the finest of all the gay sights,
Was the place with a number of lights,
Where they fiddle and sing
Like the birds in the spring,
And harmony pleasure invites.

The lamps are all stuck in the trees,
And the folks buz about'n like bees ;
While down in a shade,
The mill and cascade
Is sweetly adapted to please.

" Help laughing I can't, I declare,
" At thoughts of our statue or fair,
" And our fiddlers, 'thout joke,
" Deserve all their bones broke,
" Compar'd with the fiddlers that's there.

I wish to my soul, I must own,
We had such a place in our town ;
Or else at the fair,
That it cou'd be brought there,
It wou'd pay well for bringing it down.

" My mind unto you I will own,
" My pleasures again for to crown,
" Tho' eighty long mile,
" With joy—and worth while,
" I'd walk up to London fine town.

DAMON and FLORELLA.

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play :
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May :

Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of Love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to the soothing tale ;
And thy soft, persuasive song,
Often held me in the dale :
Take, O Damon, while I live,
All that virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove ;
Not the garden's fairest flow'r ;
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd ;
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful season gay :
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May :
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

Sung by Mr. DODD. The Words by Mr. GARRICK.

LIKE sparkling champaigne,
Rosy mounts to the brain,

And

And so tingles in every part ;
 Her fire comes so quick,
 Her shots fly so thick,
 No quarter she gives to the heart.

But I, who know both,
 To love should be loth,
 So manage the matter with art ;
 I laugh at the trick
 Of the slow and the quick,
 And snug in my breast lies my heart.

I AM married, and happy ! With wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :
 You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
 wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride ;
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive—never sincere :
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear :
 But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name ,
 True love is with sentiment join'd ;
 But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When,

When dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;
Ye are led and misled by a flattering false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—" From a wife,
" Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I
chose,

" Which are beauties that charm us for life :"
To mak home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief, full of woe ;
All his joys are mixt with smart ;
Thorns beneath his roses grow,
And, serpent-like, he stings the breast,
Where he is harbour'd and carest.

THE PET.

Sung by Miss MOYS, at Finch's Grotto-Gardens.

AS musing I went o'er the plain,
A shepherd I hastily met,
Who told me again and again,
He lov'd me—tho' not in a pet.
So thinking him then in a joke,
I told him, in order to fret,
Your love is too late, I'm bespoken,
He answer'd, I'll die—in a pet.

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Now could you this urchin believe,
In truth then, he wish'd I would let
Him attend to the cot where I live.

But I answer'd him—not in a pet.
The confident youth grown more rude,
A kiss or two from me would get.
I told him, he did but intrude,
And bid him go home—in a pet.

Then squeezing my hand when he went,
He whisper'd—You soon will regret,
In my heart I began to relent,
As he quickly was gone in a pet.
Now to my own sex I appeal,
If reason I have not to fret;
And never again will conceal
My mind from a man—in a pet.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove;
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain:
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye Gods! or take back what ye
gave.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;

By

By the hollow cask we're told
How the waining night grows old ;
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away :
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

POLLY WILLIS.

A favourite Song, by Dr. ARNE. Sung at Vauxhall.

ATTEND ye every tuneful swains,
That in melodious lulling strains,
Of Chloe sing, or Phillis :
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
Upbraid me not while I rehearse
The charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought,
No simile can e'er be brought
From roses, pinks, or lillies ;
Some meaner beauties they may hit,
But sure no simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead high and fair,
Beyond my greater skill is :
How then, ye gods ! can be express'd,
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood ;
Nor mortal Amarillis.

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From all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
Of pleasing shape, and killing air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
All beauty must in time decay,
Yet in her power there still is
A charm which shall for life endure ;
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

In the MASQUE of COMUS.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song and welcome jest ;
Midnight shouts and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity :
Braid your locks with rosy wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave faws in slumber lie.
Now Phœbus, &c.

Written by Mr. GARRICK. Sung by Mr. DODD, in
the Invasion.

TO arms, ye brave mortals, to arms !
The road to renown lies before ye ;
The name of King Shakespear has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.
Away, ye brave mortals, away !
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her.

What.

What man would not Nature obey,
And fight for King Shakespear for ever.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth would mortals have,
The chearful man's a king !

THE world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set ;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle ;
Some gorge while some scarce have a taste ;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

TO^THER day as I set in the sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along :
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
Silly heart, I cry'd, fie ! What a flutter is here !
Young Damon designs you no ill ;
The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
Then pry'thee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet :

One kiss he demanded—no more !

But urg'd the soft pressure with aidour so sweet,

I could not begrudge him a score.

My lambkins I've kiss'd and no change ever found,

Many times as we play'd on the hill ;

But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,

Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade,

For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;

And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,

Altho' the dear shepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,

My heart may rebound if it will ;

There's something so sweet in the baffle it makes,

I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

HENCE with cares, complaint, and frowning ;

Welcome jollity and joy ;

Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,

Mirth this happy night employ :

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh, and sing some good old strain ;

Drink a health to love and beauty ;

May they long in triumph reign !

COME, Collin, pride of rural swains,

O come and bless thy native plains ;

The daisies spring, the beeches bud,

The songsters warble in the wood,

N

Come,

Come Collin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze,
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.
Oh! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste! and make us happy here.

BALMY sweetness ever flowing,
From her dropping lip distills;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing;
And her voice with music thrills.

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
Breathe not half so sweet as she.

OLD WOMAN'S SONG in HARLEQUIN'S Invasion.

OLD women we are,
And as wise in the chair,
And as fit for the Quorum as men;
We can scold on the bench,
And examine a wench,
And like them can be wrong now and then.
For look the world thro', and you'll find nine in ten
Old women can do—as well as old men.
We can hear a sad case
With a no-meaning face,
And tho' shallow yet seem to be deep;

Leave

Leave all to the clerk,
And when matters grow dark,
Their worships had better go sleep.
For look the world, &c.

When our wisdom is task'd,
And hard questions are ask'd,
We answer them best with a snore,
We can mump a tit bit,
And can joke without wit,
And what can—their worships do more.
For look the world, &c.

A I R.

WHO'LL buy a heart ! Myrtilla cries,
And throws around her wanton eyes ;
An easy shape, a graceful air,
A face like lovely Hebe's fair ;
A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
And foil the diamond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
The soul-enchanting joys of love :
Quickly, quickly come, for he
Buys that bids the most for me.

A I R.

But let no sordid wretch presume,
With even Cræsus' wealth, to come ;
Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold,
Such charms as these can e'er be sold :
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

Answer to the foregoing.

RECITATIVE.

AS, in a pensive mood, Myrtilla sat,
Revolving on the will of Fate ;
A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair :

A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
'That such a gem was up for sale.
Cou'd I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
Or, if kind Fate would make it mine,
The universe should all be thine.
Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
Merit the best deserves the prize ;
The tale you heard was faithfully told ;
Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be sold.

Sung by Mr. Dobb in Harlequin's Invasion.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakespear has
charm'd ;

More happy the bosom his genius has warm'd :
Ye children of Nature, of Fashion, and Whim,
He painted you all, and all join to praise him.

C H O R U S.

Come away, his Genius calls, we must obey.
From highest to lowest, from the old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung ;
All

All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen ;
He cou'd soar with the eagle, and sing with the wren.

Come away, &c.

To praise him ye fairies and genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air ;
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

Come away, &c.

Ye mortals, may Folly ne'er lead you astray,
Nor vain empty Fashion your reason betray ;
By your love to this bard may the genius be known,
Nor injure his fame to the loss of your own.

Come away, come away !

His genius calls, you must obey.

IN LOVE in a VILLAGE.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He work'd, and sung, from morn to night ;
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me.

IN LOVE in a VILLAGE.

OH! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rossetta's fight to feed
My flocks upon the plain :

N 3

What

What blifs had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er muſt know !
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have you plac'd
My fair one's lot ſo low.

THYRSIS and LYSANDER, a Dialogue.
Sung by Mr. DIBDIN and Miſs D. TWIST, at
the Theatre-Royal on Richmond-Green.

THYRSIS.

P R'ythee tell me, Lyſander, why gay as the morn,
You rove to each fair, and treat alighting with
ſcorn ;

Why love's ſoft allurements you ſtill have deſpis'd,
And rejected thoſe joys ev'ry ſhepherd has priz'd.
It cannot laſt long, for depend on't you'll prove
No enjoyments like conſtancy blended with love.

LYSANDER.

I laugh at the fools who with whining and ſighs
Give up each enjoyment that freedom can prize :
Yet ſhepherds think not theſe pleaſures I ſlight,
I own I cou'd love, nay love with delight.
But the reaſon why never theſe pleaſures I prove,
Is I ſeldom find conſtancy blended with love.

THYRSIS.

I ſuppoſe then, poſſeſt of good-nature and youth,
I ſhou'd wiſh to make love the reward of your truth :
Wou'd you have me ? *Lyſand.* Wou'd conſtancy
follow of courſe.

Thyrs. It wou'd. *Lyſand.* Then I'll take you for
better for worſe ;

And

And by mutual consent, let us study to prove,
No enjoyment's like constancy blended with love.

BOTH.

Each bounty that heav'n so kindly has sent,
The blessings of friendship, the sweets of content,
The enjoyment of mirth, the delight of the soul !
The flow of the spirits, the joys of the bowl ;
The minds sweetest guide to the pleasures above,
Is the pleasures of constancy blended with love.

IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.
Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws ;
And children still obey ;
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

THERE was an old man, and that's not un-
common ;
But, if they say true, he was born of a woman !
And, tho' quite incredible, I have been told
He was rock'd in his cradle, but age made him old :
Derry down, down, hey derry down.
Whene'er he was hungry, he still wanted meat ;
And, if he could get it, was certain to eat ;
When thirsty he'd drink, if you'd give him a pot ;
But the liquor most commonly ran down his throat :
Derry down, down, &c.

He

He seldom or never could see without light,
 And yet, I've heard say, he could hear at dark night;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
 Sometimes found asleep as he lay in his bed :

Derry down, &c.

His face was the strangest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was not quite clean ;
 And he shew'd all his teeth if he happen'd to grin,
 For his mouth it was plac'd 'tween his nose and his
 Derry down, &c. [chin.

'Twas observ'd that his tongue ne'er lay still when
 he talk'd,

Tho' he mov'd both his legs and his feet when he
 walk'd ;

Then his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
 burst,

For one leg or t'other would always be first :

Derry down, &c.

When this whimsical piece had a river to cross,
 If he could not get over, he staid where he was ;
 And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet was always so lucky as ne'er to be drown'd.

Derry down, &c.

I Like the man whose soaring soul
 Is gen'rous and refin'd,
 Whose passions act beneath controul,
 With love and honour join'd.
 The oak, by woodbines on the plain
 Encompass'd and caress'd,
 Is not more stedfast in its reign,
 Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The

The frothy sons of vice and show,
 Like shadows and like noise,
 Have nothing in themselves, we know,
 That sober sense enjoys ;
 But pure and constant love endears,
 And feasts both ear and sight,
 While ev'ry thing that virtue fears
 Can give no true delight.

PHO, pox o' this nonsense ; I pr'ythee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
 Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a
 rout !

Here's to thee, my lad—push the bottle about.

Let finiking fops play the fool and the ape ;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape ;
 But we, honest fellows ; death ! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while there's liquor to drink ?

'Tis wine only wine, that true pleasure bestows :
 Our joys it increases, and lightents our woes :
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king,

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six ;
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul,
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life, but a frolic, a song and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this, while we've liquor to quaff :
 May mirth and good fellowship ever abound—
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

BET.

B E T S Y.

Sung by Mr. SMITH.

AWAKE thou blythsome god of day,
 Invite each songster round;
 Let ev'ry heart be blythe and gay,
 The world with mirth abound.
 My Betfy's sweet Seraphic charms
 In raptures now I sing;
 Soon let her prison be my arms,
 And I'll thy tribute bring.
 Ye regents, who the realms above
 With godlike sweetness guard,
 Fair Bess's heart invade with love,
 Her faithful swain reward.
 If not—Avaunt! ye gods divine!
 Contented let me die,
 My Betfy's eyes much brighter are,
 Than all your spangled sky.
 No longer boast your lilly fair,
 Now russet seems your snow,
 With Betfy's skin their white compare,
 Where new-blown roses grow:
 Your sun that gilds the realms above,
 At distance heat may give;
 But Betfy's eyes will always prove
 How sweet it is to live.

A Collection of COUNTRY DANCES for the ensuing Year.

Stratford Jubilee.

CAST off one couple, up again ; cross over two couple ; lead to the top and cast off.

The North Country Lads.

Cast off one couple ; the man hands round with the third couple, and his partner with the second at the same time ; cast up, and hands four round at top ; lead down, up again, and cast off ; right and left.

Light and Airy.

Turn right hands, and cast off ; turn left hands, and cast up ; cross over two couple ; lead up to the top, and cast off ; hands four round at bottom ; right and left at top.

Bow Bells.

The first man set to the second woman and turn ; the first woman do the same ; then set, and not turn ; cast off, and right and left.

The Brave Corsicans.

The first couple cast off, half figure with the second couple ; cast off, half figure with the third couple ; lead up to the top, foot it, cast off, right and left.

Trip to Weymouth.

Cast off one couple, and cross over to the bottom ; cast up one couple, and cross over to the top ; gallop down and up again, and cast off ; lead thro' the third couple, and cast up ; foot contrary corners, and turn ; lead out sides.

The

The Bill of Rights.

Foot it, and half right and left ; the same back again ; hunt round the second couple ; cast off, and turn.

Ridotto al fresco.

The first and second couple foot and change places ; foot it, and come on your own sides again ; gallop down and up, and cast off ; right and left.

The Padlock.

The first couple gallop down the second couple, up again and cast off ; the second couple do the same ; the two men lead between the two women and turn ; the women do the same ; hey with the second woman, then with the second man ; cross over half figure ; right and left.

Plymouth Assembly.

Hands three round with the second woman ; the same with the second man ; cross over two couple ; lead up to the top ; foot it and cast off ; hands round four at bottom ; right and left at top.

The Wild Irishman.

Turn right hands, and cast off ; turn left hand ; the man fall in at bottom, and woman at top, foot six bottom and top, then sides ; set contrary corners, and turn ; lead out sides.

The Rawble.

The first man foot to the second woman, and not turn ; the second man the same to the first woman ; cross over half figure ; right and left.

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